# MACLEAN'S

MARCH 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

BEGINNING

## THE STORY OF ELIZABETH II

and her remarkable family

BY PIERRE BERTON

What Karsh saw in Toronto



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53-1






It was a worrying time when it should have been a happy one. The stork was flying our way, but we didn't have the money needed to welcome our new baby. After going over our finances for the umpteenth time we decided there was nothing for it but to cash our bonds. There had been too many surprise expenses.

Luckily for us, our B of M manager had other ideas. "Here's a real chance for you to save and you're missing it," he smiled.

"Save? At a time like this?" we nearly shouted.

"It's not as hard as you think," he said, "as quite a few of my customers do it.

"First, you have to plan yourself a budget. You need a road map, if you're to know where you're going with your money. Here's a little booklet called 'Personal Planning.' Read it carefully. It shows you how to work out your own way of getting ahead financially—and how to save regularly from now on."

"But how can we save in our present pickle?" I asked him.

"Borrow against your bonds," he said. "You've got a steady job. After all, if you cash your bonds now, you'll have the money you need, but you won't have any savings left. If you use your bonds to borrow, you get them back by paying off your loan instalments. In other words, *you're saving your savings*. This is one of the times when borrowing is really saving."

Our story has a happy ending, because our financial worries went out of the window before the stork flew in. Yes, our baby had a happy welcome. We paid back the loan. Now we still have our bonds, we're living on a budget suited to our needs and aims, AND we're saving regularly.



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EDITORIAL

# WE WERE DEAD WRONG (sniff) ABOUT VANCOUVER

THE FINE old pastime of Toronto hoting is as popular in this country as hockey and we'd hate to see it fade away From time to time we've indulged in it ourselves and our league standing is pretty high We have to admit though that when it comes to hating Toronto Vancouver has the edge on us

There is an allied sport in which we also occasionally indulge It is called Vancouver eulogizing and we are pretty good at that too But again we have to admit that in the Vancouver eulogizing league Vancouver itself wins the Stanley Cup

For years then we have been well aware that while Toronto is stuffy narrow and ugly Vancouver is broad, tolerant and beautiful It makes Torontonians sad and wistful some times to sit in their narrow and stuffy offices and dream about Vancouver as they some times dream about heaven

But now it turns out that all the time we have been dead wrong about Vancouver Mr Erskine Caldwell's experience there has made the dream sound like a nightmare Mr Caldwell is the author of Tobacco Road and the creator of its memorable central figure, Jeeter Lester Recently he visited Vancouver and his first evening there as reported in the Press, had some Jeeter like connotations that made us shiver

"Mr Caldwell drank beer in a hotel beer parlor known to be clearing point for illegal drug traffic running into thousands of dollars a day joined a crowd which stood idly by as one woman knocked another almost senseless in the gutter witnessed a shameless bit of lovemaking between the losing contestant and her drunken boy friend visited another hotel where patrons and management alike shouted back and forth across the room in language which would probably have shocked profane old Jeeter Lester himself saw poverty stricken Vancouver residents living in shacks and cabins which might well have served for Southern sharecroppers and 'poor whites' a generation ago

Mr Caldwell said frankly that as a novelist he would have little trouble drawing up a set of characters from the Vancouver skid row just as repulsive as the Jeeter Lester clan

Trouble is, such a book or play would be something less than welcome in tolerant broad minded, beautiful Vancouver It turns out that the city prosecutor, acting as a self appointed censor has for years kept such books as Tobacco Road off the newsstands. As for the play it was too strong for Van couver stomachs when staged in January Some citizens complained and the police closed it up and trundled the actors off to the city jail which lies in the heart of skid row

In Toronto the Good we've come to expect this sort of thing But we didn't know Van couver was that Good Thinking it over we've decided we might as well eke out our days in Hogtown perhaps whiling away the hours reading Caldwell novels which can be pur chased at any newsstand or going to the theatre, where plays such as Tobacco Road can go through a seven week run without a single policeman clambering onstage or a single actor being trundled off to jail


MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## CONTENTS


Vol 66 MARCH 15 1953 No 6

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**Picture Essay**

KARSH PHOTOGRAPHS THE PACE OF CANADA: TORONTO 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

**Articles**

THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE Fort Ore of Scots Pete Berton 7

THE GIRL WHO BECAME MELISSA HAYDEN Ken Johnstone 18

THE CRISIS IN EDUCATION Part II—THE ROW OVER THE 3 Rs Sidney Katz 20

ABERHART — THE MAN AND THE SHADOW A Mercenary Flashback, Barbara Moon 22

WHAT PUT HOCKEY ON THE SKIDS? Trent Frayne 24

AT GRIPS WITH A GRIZZLY Col e Wyatt 28

REALITY BEHAVIOR Fay Stalner 60

**Fiction**

A FRIENDLY GAME OF CARDS Aubrey Ferry 24

**Departments**

EDITORIAL 2
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE 2
LONDON LETTER Beverley Baxter 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA Bob Fraser 5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES Conducted by Clyde Gilmour 21
CANADIANECDOTE: ANGRIEST WAS NO ANGEL Herbert L McDonald 46
MAILBAG 72
WIT AND WISDOM 79
PARADE 80


PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By Peter Croydon (page 2) Ken Bell (2) Miller (4 7 8) James Reid (7 9) International News Photos (7) Sport and General (8) General Photographic Agency (9) Karsh (10 17) Beverley Jacques (18 19) E. W Stibbards (20 21) Wilson Kental Studio (22) W J Olson (23) Tu oleky (24)


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## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Pierre Berton



Leslie Hannon

For eleven months Pierre Berton, a tall man with reddish hair, has been wandering around asking questions about the Queen and her circle of relatives and friends. He crossed Canada from Halifax to Victoria in the wake of the royal tour, gathering anecdotes and impressions. He also spent two months in England

In between hundreds of interviews he read ninety-seven books on British royalty His research has now ripened into seven unusually informative articles on The Family in the Palace, the first of which starts on page 7. Berton, who was born in the Yukon cut his journalistic teeth on Vancouver newspapers served in the Canadian Army during the war, has been with Maclean's for six years, and was recently appointed managing editor

In another staff promotion, Leslie F. Hannon has become Maclean's new associate editor A New Zealander who has been with the magazine four years, he worked on newspapers in New Zealand and Australia and was with the New Zealand forces in the Middle East On page 20 Sidney Katz presents the second part of his national report on education The third and final part will be in our next.




# Priceless Memories

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# The story of two fat men . . .



**One acted unwisely** — for always ate too much. He tried to lose weight quickly through strenuous exercise, self prescribed drugs and other short-cuts to weight reduction.

**One reduced sensibly** — he consulted his doctor about his weight problem and followed a properly balanced diet to bring his weight down gradually, and keep it at a desirable level.

OVERWEIGHT is our country's Number One health problem today. In fact it is estimated that there are about 2 million Canadians who are burdened by excess pounds.

Medical authorities stress the health hazards of overweight more than ever before. The reason for this is simple:

*Continuing studies show that overweight people do not live, on the average, as long as those who keep their weight at a desirable level. This is because excessive fat tends to increase a person's chances of possibly developing one or more diseases of the heart and blood vessels, diabetes, liver and gall bladder diseases and other ailments.*

Overweight may reduce physical efficiency and of ten is a serious handicap in the event an operation is needed or an acute illness occurs. In addition overweight is apt to place an unnecessary strain on many vital organs, especially the heart. It has been estimated, for example, that for every 20 pounds of excess weight one's heart must serve about 12 extra miles of blood vessels.

So it is important to keep a watchful eye on your weight and start reducing as soon as any unwelcome pounds appear.

Safe and sensible weight reduction should always begin with a visit to your doctor. He will examine you and suggest what weight is best for you. His decision will be based in part on your height and age, as well as your bone structure and the kind of life you lead.

Nearly all cases of overweight are due to eating too much. There are various reasons for excessive eating—emotional difficulties, for example. Whatever the cause, the doctor can usually help you to develop a sound weight reduction program. This will usually include a properly balanced diet that will bring about the desired reduction slowly, usually at the rate of about two pounds a week, and also supply the body with the necessary protective food elements.

However, no diet will produce satisfactory results, unless there is a determined effort made by the patient to reduce.

With the doctor's advice and a firm resolution to cooperate wholeheartedly, an overweight person can usually attain the desired weight—at which he will look, feel, and act best. *Remember that proper weight, in terms of everyday comfort and longer life, is worth whatever effort is required to achieve and maintain it!*

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# London Letter



BY *Beverley Baxter*

## DINNER WITH THE WANDERING DUKE

THE QUEEN MARY was in no hurry to leave. Her ships still have to wait for the tide. In fact we did not depart until next morning, which seemed an odd performance and, even then, the Old Lady did not strain herself.

We were going first to Cherbourg to pick up some passengers including the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Sixteen years ago the Duke stood on the deck of a destroyer as he watched the leading coastline of the country over which he had ruled for so little a time. He was on his way to France to begin the life of the world's most famous royal exile.

And now from France he was about to step on British territory once more, a movable swinging affair but nonetheless British territory. The rain swept against the decks and the sea was grim, gray and lonely.

The Duke and Duchess must have come aboard, although no one seemed to have sighted them, and so the Queen Mary got down to the business of getting to New York.

How pleasant to sail across the ocean in a comfortable stateroom where every morning the clock goes back an hour. There is a godlike satisfaction about telling your watch that it is lying that it is nine o'clock and not ten as its hands contend.

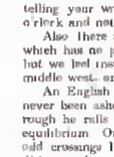


Gene of Wide Heart

Also there is something about a British steward which has no parallel. An American steward will give good service but we feel instinctively that he is dreaming of a gas station in the middle west, and that his heart's not in the job.

An English steward looks as if he was born on a ship and has never been ashore for more than a few days in his life. When it is rough he rolls with the punch like a boxer and defies the laws of equilibrium. On the whole, he is a cheery pessimist. In all my sixty odd crossings I cannot remember a steward who did not prophesy dirty weather ahead.

On this particular voyage my fellow lairly beamed with bad prognostications and urged me to have a full breakfast because "you never can tell." Something must have gone wrong because the sea remained in a gentle mood with frequent requiry from the sun.



Merle Oberon

There is still a majestic solemnity about the sea even if aeroplanes hop back and forth as if the Atlantic were no bigger than a lake. But in the end it is the people on board who make a voyage, and we were not a bad lot on the Queen Mary.

There was Lord Barnby who rushes madly around the world proclaiming the superiority of British goods, aided and abetted by his pretty American wife. I would never be surprised to find Barnby wearing a Union Jack in place of a waistcoat.

Then there was that gay old boy Brigadier General Wade Hayes who has been in every war since the Romans and is preparing for the next. He lives in London, where we think so much of him that we made him a member of the Carlton Club which is exclusively for members of the Conservative Party.

Who is this smiling young fellow with the wistfully pretty wife? Someone has introduced us and we go to shake hands. But he has no hands. Instead he has two hooks. His eyes are steady and there is always that frank disarming smile. Shall we pretend that he is just the same as other men? No—he does not play it that way.

He wants to talk about armless people and find out how science is grappling with the problem. "You are ahead of us in England," he says, "because it is under the control of the Ministry of Pensions. In America there are competing manufacturers with patents that cannot be pooled. It is bad. I am going to fight that." Perhaps you saw him in the cinema. He was the ex parachutist who was chosen by MGM to play the part of the armless man in the film "The Best Years of Our Lives." War took his hands from him, but could not take his courage.

It was the last night before reaching New York that Merle Oberon asked me to attend a private dinner party she was giving for a small group in the Verandah Grill.

*Continued on page 44*





BLAIR FRASER

# BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

## *Free Speech and Thin Skins*

A NEW election issue has cropped up unexpectedly in the past few weeks. The issue of free speech on the radio.

In a way of course it has been an issue for years. Private radio stations have always contended that they are being suppressed and regimented by the CBC. Progressive Conservatives have echoed these complaints in parliament at the same time attacking CBC broadcasts and holding the Government responsible for them.

Liberals have tended to let the attacks go unanswered. They aren't worried by the private stations which have never demonstrated much of a political following. As for the CBC commentaries, Liberals are just as thin skinned as other politicians and the CBC annoys them almost as frequently as it annoys the other parties.

Ironically, the broadcast that set off the free speech issue was one which annoyed the Liberals intensely. Michael Barkway of the Financial Post is an right-minute piece one Sunday afternoon, spent about five of his minutes taking the hair off L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs. Loyal Liberals were furious.

To their utter astonishment, in parliament next day the same broadcast was bitterly denounced by George Drew, Leader of the Opposition. No Conservative had been so much as mentioned in it, by name or by implication, but Drew made it a question of privilege on behalf of "every member of this House" and called upon the Government to "act," presumably by punishing the commentator or the CBC or both.

As the baffled Liberals listened they began to get some notion of what had made Drew so angry. In his introductory remarks Barkway had touched on the Currie Report, noting that the famous reference to horses on the payroll had been "so impressive as to be false." He added (quite rightly) that a rub reporter who regarded a police-court story would lose his job.

Weeks before, on the day parliament reopened, the Prime Minister had explained to the House that the horse story was false (though he did not use that word). Twenty-four hours later, in a radio address, George Drew said the horse story "hadn't been seriously challenged yet." Barkway's willingness to accept the Prime Minister's word was an affront to parliament, Drew said, since the Currie Report was going to a committee of parliament for examination.

Conservative MPs were as baffled as the Liberals, and a lot more upset. They suspected rightly that Drew's argument would go down very badly with the working Press. One veteran correspondent himself a lifelong Conservative and an unofficial adviser of the party, told them, that speech did George Drew more harm than anything that's been said or done since he came to Ottawa.

Apparently, though, the party must have decided it was in too deep to back out. At any rate, Donald Fleming, chief Conservative spokesman on the radio committee, repeated his leader's charges at great length in a debate a few days later.

The Liberals didn't say much at the time. Prime Minister St. Laurent said, "I don't think I need to make any comment whatever" on the Drew "question of privilege" because "the

*Continued on page 74*




Cartoon by Grassick




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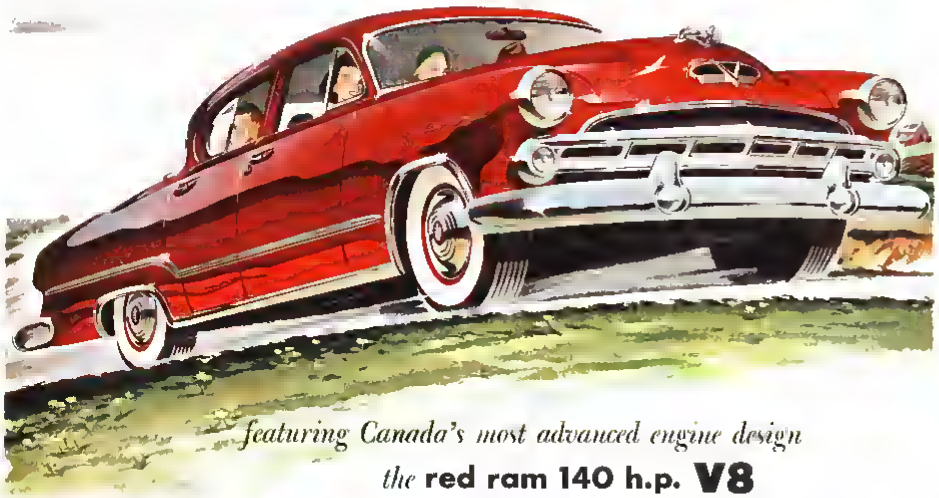
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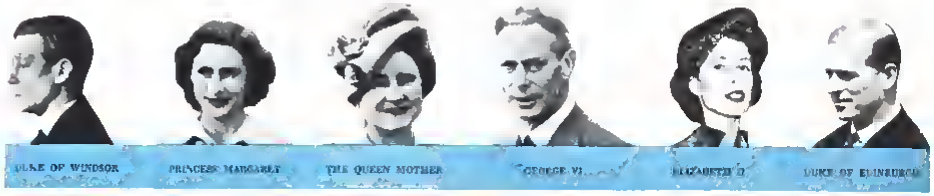
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QUEEN VICTORIA · PRINCE ALBERT · QUEEN ALEXANDRA · EDWARD VII · GEORGE V · QUEEN MARY

# THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

*Beginning the absorbing story of the House of Windsor, which began with the passionate enigma of Victoria and is now headed by her dedicated great-great-granddaughter Elizabeth, whom this year we shall crown Queen*



DUKE OF WINDSOR · PRINCESS MARGARET · THE QUEEN MOTHER · GEORGE VI · ELIZABETH II · DUKE OF EDINBURGH

*PART ONE OF SEVEN PARTS · BY* PIERRE BERTON

THE scattered British realm, whose jigsaw puzzle parts often have little in common except an allegiance to an extraordinary family living in a gilded palace—tends to look on the members of its royal dynasty with a certain ambivalence. On the one hand it expects its sovereigns to be human. On the other, it is constantly surprised when they are.

A cataract of newspaper trivia brings home every day the point that the people within the palace are mortal: that a fairy prince likes to drink pink gin and drive a sports car ninety-two miles an hour; that a fairy princess can wink at a soldier and go mad about Danny Kaye records; that a fairy queen plays a mean game of canasta and is crazy about as plebian a pastime as square dancing. And yet, when a middle-aged prince charming rejects a throne for the most fundamental of mortal emotions, the abnek to his subjects is so great that it must be cushioned by the daily repetition of the phrase that, after all, he is human.

For the common round of kings and queens is such that it is never easy to think of them as altogether real. They appear either as jeweled deities framed momentarily in the twenty-carat gold leaf and Cipriani panels of a state coach, or as highly efficient automatons walking Union Jacks, machines for shaking innumerable hands, human gramophones for the mouthing of other men's speeches. When a Princess discards her state coach for a Lincoln convertible, the children cry out in disappointment. When a human gramophone starts broadcasting its own irrevocable decisions, the adults cry out in dismay.

The reaction is akin to that experienced by a young waiter in Voisin's, a Paris restaurant frequented during the nineteenth century by princes of the blood, including Albert Edward of Wales. He bored peepholes in the doors of the private dining rooms because, as he explained, "I wanted to find out how princes made love."

Alas," he added, with both astonishment and regret, "their love-making is no more different than any other mortal's."

All the members of the House of Windsor, which is the newer name for the House of Coburg, are mortal. Their story, which begins with Queen Victoria, the founder of the present royal dynasty, is anything but dull. In their private lives and times there is plenty of the raw material out of which great fictional family sagas are concocted. Indeed the ingredients are more than faintly Galsworthian.

There is grandmamma, the rapier-straight matriarch, of whom everyone is a little terrified, clinging to the old ways as fiercely as she clings to her toques and tulles, unchanging as the English climate, her granite character standing as a Gibraltar among the eroding tides of family dissent and family tragedy.

There was grandpapa, her sailor husband, with his gusty temper, who ran his family like a ship, frightening and antagonizing his sons, yet choking up with emotion whenever he mentioned them or the rest of the family to strangers.

There is the "wicked uncle," now a remittance man, who married beneath him and whose name is only whispered in the family circle, and there was



his younger brother the shy stuttering rather backward boy who seemed so weak and turned out to be so strong

There is the younger generation the pretty little younger sister so witty and so talented and so lonely that everyone is trying to find a husband for her and her dedicated elder sister the shy rather nervous girl who had to grow up so quickly when at twenty six she found herself head of the family

In the background like graven images stand the shadowy figures of the ancestors great grandfather a stout spade bearded man whom everybody liked even though he grumbled and ate prodigiously and (another whisper) took mistresses and his curious father Albert of Saxe-Coburg—that paragon of paragons who was so strict with his son because he was haunted by the thought that the blood of the wicked princes of Hanover might make itself felt

And last but by no means least was Albert's wife Victoria She was herself half Hanover and half Coburg And she threatened to exhibit several alarming Hanover tendencies until she cast herself in the likeness of her husband to become after his death as much of an Albert Memorial as the grotesque piece of statuary that bears his name

But the hot red blood of the Hanovers still mingles with the chill blue blood of the Coburgs in the veins of Victoria's descendants How else to explain the astonishing human contrasts that are the most striking feature of the British royal house?

### Pink Champagne, Stamp Albums

Edward VII with his love for plovers' eggs haricot professional beauties and Dummy *triple sec* '83 Edward VIII with his tastes in night clubs and his propensity for playing the drums in jazz bands the fashionable Princess Margaret who likes to read racy French novels, drink pink champagne and dance until dawn how can these be equated with George VI that most domestic of monarchs, who preferred his stamp collection and his morning bowl of soup to more esoteric pursuits and was always in bed by 11 10 p.m.— or George VI whose heart lay in the pheasant and grouse coverts at Sandringham and Balmoral or Elizabeth Regina—that consecrated young Queen whose serious preoccupied face bears the Coburg stamp of duty?

The Hanover line ended with great great grandmother and the Coburg line began with great-great-grandfather How cold and expressionless they both look staring out from the offices and statues and Winterhalter paintings that clutter the royal houses of Britain Albert serious and severe Victoria absolutely devoid of expression In her black satin dresses and white tulle caps and elastic boots she reminded the painter Von Angeli of a plump little mushroom Put behind the blank mushroom expression there was a heart that beat with a wild and exuberant passion Her Hanoverian uncles and father were all passionate lusty cruel tempestuous men. The damndest millstones about the neck of any government that can be imagined the Duke of Wellington called them Their family name was Guelph and they went back to Charlemagne 'The worst of them was the Duke of Cumberland with his scarred face ragged beard and his single evil eye He was so unpopular that he was believed to have murdered his valet and seduced his sister The best of them was the Duke of Kent Victoria's father who thought nothing of sentencing a recalcitrant soldier to 999 strokes of the cat. But they all had a great deal of charm Some of the passionate charm of the charm has filtered down through succeeding generations

Victoria had the rippling Hanover laugh The tiny bud of a mouth opened wide and the heart shaped head was flung back at the jokes and puns and risqué stories which despite the legend of was are not amused,' she thoroughly enjoyed She was a spendthrift in the Hanover tradition. She enjoyed her meals and had a tendency to gobble them She mixed whisky with her port and she liked to gallop at top speed across the moors She loved to dance until dawn packed the Carrara marble of Nash's great Roman arch before the palace and she confessed that the quadrilles made her feel "quite frantic"

Her pompous martinet of a father had died when she was eight months old. Her ambitious and tactless mother brought her up so strictly that she was forced to wear a piece of holly at her neck to keep her chin up The demure expressionless child gave no hint of the steel within her character until she was told she was Queen. Then with a poise that sent shivers down the backs of her courtiers, she banished her mother to the shadows of the palace and took over the reins of queenship

All her life she sought a father image She sought it in her first prime minister, until her enemies hissed at her as "Mrs Melbourne" She sought it in Albert of Saxe-Coburg whom she loved with an intensity of passion that still burned hotly forty years after his death She sought it in these totally disparate characters, John Brown the rough Scots gillie whom she allowed to insult her, and Benjamin Disraeli whose own personal brand of soothing syrup was perhaps the stickiest ever concocted

She sought affection consideration and personal comfort for she had had little enough in her youth. She never looked behind her but simply sat down wherever she happened to be For she knew a chair would always be there Ensconced among the monkey puzzle trees of her home of Osborne on the remote Isle of Wight, she waited while her agents ministers suffered the torments of seasickness to come to her with state matters.

She never changed the onward sweep of her expressionless face. Only in her diaries and letters, enlivened by exclamation points and underlined words, is there a hint of her inner gusto She left behind twelve hundred folio volumes of her letters and a hundred volumes of her journal all in her own hand

To Albert she gave all the affection and the passion which had been kattled up inside her since birth. She gave it so completely that she had very little left for her children Her eldest daughter Vicky, who was quite charming she thought ugly—for Vicky was Albert's favorite daughter As for Bertie, her eldest son—who became King Edward VII—she thought him stupid and after Albert's death she could not stand to have him in the same room

Her forty-year immolation on the altar of Albert's memory is one of the more extraordinary chapters in royal annals. But then Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was one of the most extraordinary men who ever guided the hand of a queen He came from a fairy tale dynasty which in one swift generation had hurled the bonnds of a penniless duchy to pannlate half the thrones of Europe The Coburgs marched forward hand in hand with Duty and Ambition. From the age of three Albert had been told he would marry the future queen of England and from the age of three he never questioned his duty

### Concertas For a Coburg

He was the complete antithesis of the lusty and immoral Hanovers who were Victoria's forebears Even from the sceptical vantage point of a later century he still seems almost too good to be true An observant diplomat Count Mensdorff remarked that "from the earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity both in word and deed." He liked to get to bed early he preferred chess to cricket and Mendelssohn concertos to foxhunters' horns, and he hated wild parties and bawdy stories. He never learned how to relax He was at his green topped desk by seven in the morning churning out the endless memoranda which characterized each of his days and in his spare time he painted pictures played the organ or composed Te Deums and chorales. He focused the cold light of his methodical and intellectual mind upon the chaos of the palace He devised an indexed filing system of his own long before such things were known and his economies and reforms saved his Queen enough money to purchase Osborne.

But he never understood his adopted countrymen any more than he understood their climate With his filing-cabinet mind his professional attitude, his stiff and formal personality his inherent shyness and his absolute absence of frivolity he seemed as foreign as his accent The English suffered him but never warmed to him Yet he founded a dynasty more English than the Union Jack—made his Queen over in his own image and erected the stern moral framework of the Victorian Age. Thirty years after his death he was still—in effect, King of England for the Queen preticated her every decision on the simple question "What would dearest Albert have done?"

On his death Victoria's continual currents were channeled into a vast and morbid preoccupation with the grave Earlier when her mother had died, she had wept almost soothly for two weeks Now she clung to her grief with such a tenacity that it became her friend and constant companion She cried off her daughter's hair and placed the locks in the dear coffin." Above her bed she hung a picture of Albert's face in death His room at Windsor remained untouched just as he had left it right down to the glass in *Continued on page 66*



*Great-grandmother Alexandra at eighty*



*Great-great-grandmother and great-great-grandfather*



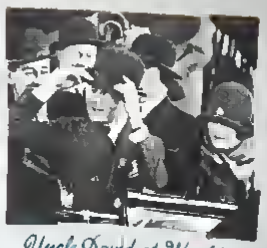
*Great-grandfather at (and with) Homburg*



*Uncle Harry and Father as boys in Scotland with Grandmamma*



*Grandfather at Quebec*



*Uncle David at Wembley*



*Father, Elizabeth, Philip, Charles, Margaret & Mother at Balmoral*

## FROM ELIZABETH BACK TO VICTORIA

## A SNAPSHOT ALBUM OF THE WINDSOR DYNASTY



This was once the heart of Toronto, now it's a market area. The city has moved northwest but Toronto haters still think it looks like this

## The Glitter and the Gold on Changing Bloor Street




In five years Bloor Street has become Toronto's Park Avenue. Bargain houses still enliven the fringes but svelte salons like Morgan's (right) dominate the expensive, fashionable core with frills, furs and finery



# What Karsh saw in Toronto

Karsh says all bars look alike. This one is the Brown Derby



**TV, subway and cocktail bars help symbolize the sweeping changes which have transformed the character of a once-settled metropolis**

THE RATHER unflattering picture above, which Yousuf Karsh couldn't resist taking, is revealing evidence of the great change that has come over Toronto in a few swift years. This was the former heart of the old town of muddy York. The city hall was close by and so were the wealthiest people. But ancient buildings and narrow streets no longer represent Toronto. Its centre has moved north and west to the posh salons of Bloor Street. The city itself is bursting with people, wealth and energy as the following pages show. But a newcomer like Karsh remarks three things about Toronto: the neon façade of postwar cocktail bars that has given it a new look, the lacy freeze of television aerials that encircles it like a chain, and the deep scar of a new subway cutting through its heart. The



bar means that Toronto is more tolerant. The aerials that it is more wealthy. The subway that it has more people. All of these reasons prompt photographer Karsh to say flatly that "Toronto is now the centre of Canada—no matter what other cities may think."





Toronto's famous subway, the first in Canada, isn't all underground. Karsh was intrigued by this open cut which slices through the suburbs.



A beef market at Canada Packers selects fresh meat for the tables of the nation

# A Hub for Commerce

## Catalogues pour out and dollars flow in as industry creates strong new patterns on the Toronto skyline

TORONTO Yousuf Karsh decided makes everything from mouthwashes to jet aircraft But most of all he found, it makes money If it is a city of meat packers and test pilots it is also a city of bankers, and he gathered a group of them together in the board room of Toronto's newest skyscraper to make the picture at right In doing so, Karsh found that in one respect Toronto still earned its reputation for conservatism He had intended to take several portraits of bank directorates but some banks demurred at having their picture taken even by Yousuf Karsh They said it had never been done before.

Though Karsh was not impressed by Toronto's mushrooming homes he was fascinated by the modern architecture of her factories, whose clean flat lines dominate the skyline on the city's outskirts. Most of the brand names found in the catalogues which pour out of Toronto to the rest of the country can be seen in letters of chrome and neon on the rapidly expanding factories that line the sweeping Queen Elizabeth Highway west of the city and the famous Golden Mile in Scarborough along the eastern fringe Here spelled out in familiar household words is the key to the wealth of the city of banking skyscrapers.

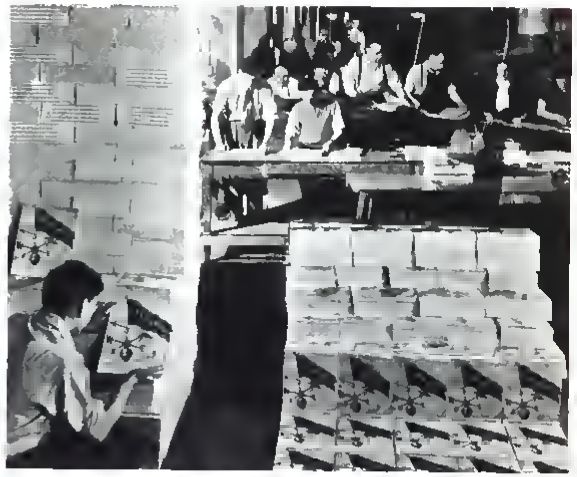





Karsh's Toronto *continued*



The directors of the Bank of Nova Scotia assemble in Toronto's newest board room to sit for their portrait by Karsh Picture was taken in late January when most bank directors go to Florida, hence the empty chairs



An endless stream of alluring catalogues flows out of Eaton's huge mail order department



Newest product to be manufactured in Toronto is the famous black-nosed CF-100 jet

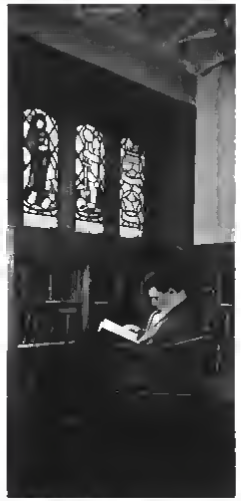
# A Magnet for Talent

**New faces and new minds from India to Eire make Toronto a centre for art and science**

OF ALL the talented people who appear on these pages, only two were born in Toronto. Foster Hewitt, the hockey broadcaster and Chris Plummer, the actor in the Lady's Not For Burning. The rest were drawn to Toronto from as far off as Bombay, India (where Lister Sinclair, the radio writer and critic was born), to Galway Bay, Eire, home of Katherine Blake, the actress. A. Y. Jackson and Dr. Henrietta Banting both come from Quebec, Kate Aitken is a small town product from Beeton, Ont., and Dr. Healey Willan, the composer, is English. But all of them are now Toronto citizens, and most of them have become nationally and internationally known. This galaxy of talent, concentrated in one city, struck Karsh greatly, as did the new craft of television which manages to make use of most of the arts and sciences shown on these pages. Karsh who has seen U. S. video thinks CBC programs as good and often, in their need to economize, more ingenious.



**TELEVISION** This is the CBC's production of Candide, the first Show play ever to be televised in North America. Karsh found standards high



**LEARNING**
Vaclav Kaslik from Kosice, Czechoslovakia, studies at University of Toronto in the seclusion of Hart House library



**THEATRE**
Lead roles in Christopher Fry play produced by Toronto's Jupiter Theatre are taken by Irish-born Katherine Blake, English-born Rosemary Sawby (right) and Chris Plummer (centre) who is the only home-grown product



**ART**
A. Y. Jackson helped found the famous Group of Seven

## These well-known Canadians are now Toronto citizens

HERE are some Toronto notables as photographed by Karsh. Two are Quebecers, two Englishmen, two Winnipeggers but only one is a Torontonian in the proper sense. In the Queen City each has found opportunity for his talent.



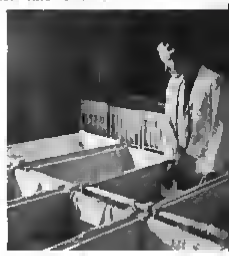
**RADIO**
CBC Court of Opinion: Moderator Neil LeRoy with Jean Tweed, Lister Sinclair, Kate Aitken



**SPORT**
Foster Hewitt, whose name is synonymous with hockey, gazes over the ice at the great Maple Leaf Gardens arena



**MUSIC**
Healey Willan, noted Toronto composer and organist, is busy on new compositions commissioned for the Coronation



**MEDICINE**
Dr. Henrietta Banting is now a gynecologist. Her husband was famous as discoverer of insulin

# What Karsh liked about Toronto...and what he didn't like



**YOUNG ARTISTS** pose for Karsh in studio of Cleeve Horne (seated) Shown here left to right William Winter R York Wilson and Jack Nichols

KARSH WAS unimpressed by the physical appearance of Toronto, a city draped in smog entangled in traffic problems and jammed with unimpressive beehive housing projects. But the youth and vigor of Toronto's citizens delighted him. He made many pictures of rising musicians and painters (as the one at left) for he says "I was impressed by the amount of creative work being done in Toronto." And in all his portraits he tried to emphasize young people from muppets in the museum to artists in a studio. Lake the smokestacks on the right they too represent a city praised and sometimes damned for its industry ★



**YOUNG MINDS** are improved in museum in regular weekday tours for Toronto school children. This is Canadian handicraft exhibit



**YOUNG BODIES** get therapy in patio belle at famous "Sick Kids" hospital whose new modern lines dominate University Avenue



**TRAFFIC** which jams narrow canyon of slender Bay Street is Toronto's main Achilles heel



**SMOG** belching from industrial smokestacks casts its murky pall over the downtown section of the city. Karsh was particularly incensed by this because it often ruined the light for his pictures.

**YOUNG SOCIALITES** were chosen by Karsh for two reasons: all are pretty and all do useful work through the various charities of the Junior League





**FRONT DOOR** to city where Queen Elizabeth Highway begins is marred by smokestack and water tower which clutter an otherwise elegant entranceway



**BACK DOOR** of Toronto is hodgepodge of "shoebox" housing where rows of identical homes mushroom up for increasing population



# The Girl Who Became

# MELISSA HAYDEN

**Ten years of hard work and heartache changed Millie Herman, a Taranto fruit dealer's daughter, into Melissa Hayden, one of the top ten ballerinas this side of the Iron Curtain**

By KEN JOHNSTONE

COLOR PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY RONNY JAQUES

THE CURTAIN at New York City Center Theatre came down on the last strains of the De Banfield music as the red clad Christian warrior Tancred slowly bore from the stage the limp figure of Clorinda the pagan girl whom he had loved and had unwittingly killed in The Duel. Wave upon wave of applause greeted the dancers as they came back onstage for their bows, and when all lost, the slim black-clad figure of the pagan girl warrior slipped through the parted curtains for a footlight curtain, cheers and bravos mingled with the renewed applause to give unmistakable proof of the personal triumph she had scored.

Next day New York's leading dance critics cast their ballots with the popular vote. John Martin, venerable critic of the New York Times, declared:

> It is danced magnificently by Melissa Hayden who brings a tremendous dramatic strength onto the stage with her, as well as a technique that is lithe, powerful and supremely controlled. It is no less than an inspired performance.

Walter Terry in the Herald-Tribune added:

> Melissa Hayden was perfection itself as the girl warrior. She has never danced better in her life, nor so completely mastered a role down to its tiniest gestural detail. Here is a performance I would strongly advise you to see for it represents not only gifted Miss Hayden at her best but a bravura performance which I seriously doubt could be equalled by any other soloist of the ballet.

Little Millie Herman had come a long way from her dance classes ten years ago at the Boris Volkoff studio in Toronto to leading roles as a ballerina with one of the most brilliant ballet companies in the Western world, the New York City Ballet. And while Canada has produced some fine dancers in the existence today of two native professional companies proves none has gone as far and as brilliantly in the world of international dancing as Millie. When Anatole Chujoy, editor of Dance News and the Dance Encyclopedia, places her among the first ten ballerinas west of the Iron Curtain it is a judgment which few other dance authorities would dispute.

Curiously enough it was the intervention of the same Chujoy upon the Toronto dance scene ten years ago that resulted in a remarkable prophecy and a fateful decision.

Boris Volkoff, who had formed his Canadian Ballet and who was anxious to get an opinion of a recognized authority on its merits, invited Chujoy to attend two performances that were being given at Massey Hall. Chujoy saw the performances and the following afternoon he spoke to the dancers about the difficulties and the rewards of professional ballet. He complimented the company on its showing but he pulled few punches when he talked about professional standards.

That night, in an intimate bull session at which the writer was present, he was asked about individual performers and the two leading ballerinas of the company were mentioned. "Were they potential professional material?"

"Not those," said Chujoy gently, "but that other little one, who had much smaller roles, Mildred Herman. She has the quality that could make a great ballerina some day."

Millie did not hear about the prophecy, which was received with some bewilderment at the time, but Chujoy's talk to the company made a decisive impression on her. She says now, "I had no real ambition to become a professional dancer until Anatole Chujoy came to Toronto and told us about all the miseries and all the glories of professional ballet. That is when the bug bit me."

It was quite a bite. In ten years Melissa Hayden (still Millie to her old classmates as well as to fellow dancers) has moved steadily up the ladder to stardom. From her first inconspicuous job as a member of the *corps de ballet* of the Radio City Music Hall's troupe, to Ballet Theatre, to Ballet Alicia Alonso, finally to starring roles with the New York City Ballet, Millie's progress has been steady and hard-earned, with some heartbreaking setbacks. It has taken *Continued on page 35*



Melissa dances Clorinda, the pagan girl warrior in The Duel. Inspired, said the critics. She did the dancing for star Claire Bloom in Chaplin's Limelight.

The Crisis in Education

PART 2

BY SIDNEY KATZ

**Already desperately short of staff and space, our schools are also riven by the dispute over what kind of education our children should get**

# THE ROW OVER THE 3 Rs

OF ALL the questions in the troubled field of education the one that touches off the most fireworks is "How good a job are our schools doing?"

Across the country, I found teachers, university professors, trustees, retired inspectors, businessmen, parents and taxpayers warmly divided. On one side the traditionalists thunder that the innovations of the last forty years have pushed education to the brink of disaster. On the other the "progressives" whose ranks include most educators claim the schools are doing a better job than ever.

A frequent complaint is that the three Rs—reading, writing and arithmetic—are being neglected. "I wouldn't trust my eighteen-year-old stenographer, a high-school graduate, to type a simple note on her own declining an invitation to dinner," says an Edmonton businessman. "It would be full of grammatical and spelling errors." Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto, claims that "the training in English given in high school is no longer adequate equipment for the university." "The student nurse's ability to do arithmetic is so poor," says the Canadian Nurses' Association, "that she can't calculate the correct fractional doses in medication."

Such charges claim the progressives are far too extreme. J. R. H. Morgan, superintendent of secondary schools at Toronto, states: "There is not a scrap of scientific evidence that the Three Rs aren't being adequately taught."

Time is being wasted on "educational frills," say the traditionalists, attacking courses like social studies, guidance, effective living, art and music. They agree with the Charlottetown newspaper which said: "Our schools provide a little of this a little of that and not much of anything." The reply to this is that only a well-rounded school program can produce well-rounded citizens.

The philosophy that learning is fun is under fire. Traditionalists say: "Real learning is not fun. It's hard work. Give our children enough of it and you're developing both their mind and character." The graduate of the "learning-is-fun" school, in the words of a western professor, is an ignorant manny pantry with the mind of a permanent adolescent.

Progressives label such views medieval—or worse. "To demand a return to the old methods," they say, "is like ignoring the doctor's prescription for penicillin and ammonyon and merely demanding a mustard plaster."

Many a bewildered parent wonders: Who is right? Have our educational planners been seduced by the "progressives"? In trying to make our children happy in the classroom, have we ended up by making them illiterate?

These questions can't be answered glibly. The subject itself is complex. The discussion of it has been further complicated by confusion over definitions. The words "progressive" and "traditional" are relative. As Dr. Sidney Smith points out: "In practice no teacher is exclusively traditionalist or exclusively progressive." After observing Canadian public schools for thirty years, Prof. Charles Phillips, of the Ontario College of Education, says: "I have yet to see a progressive school as described by its opponents. The progressive school is the flying saucer of Canadian education."

The fact that our educational system is under criticism is not in itself a cause for alarm and certainly it is not a cause for surprise. We have always grumbled and groaned about our children and our schools. Socrates (400 BC) and Peter the Hermit (1274 AD) in their time had harsh things to say about both. In 1887 the Kingston (Ont.) Daily News reported that "children at public school learn to be boisterous, impudent, screaming, kicking creatures such as never was seen even among the pagans." Thirty years ago an Ontario high school inspector tested first year students in their three Rs and pronounced fifty-five percent of them to be bad or poor.

Criticism has now reached a crescendo because in the last half century there have been revolutionary changes in the declared education aims, curricula and in the actual methods of teaching.

Fifty years ago, when Canada was a rural nation, life was simpler and most of the school's time was devoted to the three Rs with some geography and history thrown in. The teacher followed a rigidly prescribed program. In Edmonton, for example, on the second Tuesday in October in 1931 every grade five class in the city would be drilled in the same exercise at the same hour. The child sat at his desk all day with the teacher doing most of the talking, pouring knowledge from the big jug into the little mug. The primary-grade child of yesteryear could complain, "I don't like school because I can't read or write and the teacher won't let me talk."

The teacher administered heavy doses of drill and memory work. The child's mind was stuffed with information which often had little real meaning for him. I recently examined school textbooks used in Ontario and Quebec at the turn of the century. In spelling the children were required to learn long lists of words like Pernambuco, Paramaribo, Popocatepetyl, astrography, corrugenous, dendrology. Geography was presented by a series of questions and answers with the child expected to memorize the answers. A typical question: Can you point out and name three counties on the Bay of Fundy and the chief towns?

Strict discipline was enforced often by corporal punishment. The teacher was usually the enemy of his students. A retired Ontario teacher recalls, "It was shocking what we did to the slow youngster. The teacher encouraged him with remarks like 'There must be a lot in your head, Willie, because you never let anything out!'" Most children dropped out after elementary school. High school was only for a select group.

This is not a wholesale condemnation of the old schools. They were appropriate to their time. There were bad teachers but also good ones and many adults have pleasant memories of the little red schoolhouse. But new discoveries have been made in every field including education. Perhaps the greatest single discovery, to quote Nicholas Murray Butler, was "the child as a factor in education." The emphasis in the classroom, which was formerly on what was being taught gradually shifted to the child.

Recognition that each child has a different capacity and ability led to a freer atmosphere in the classroom, a more flexible study program. John Dewey's doctrine "Learn by doing," became accepted. Learning became identified with the child's interest. "If the child was interested in what he was doing he would learn better and make a more sustained effort. Subjects were no longer presented as a compendium of facts, dates and places to be memorized. Everything had to make sense to the child and be related to his life and experience. The teacher's role changed. Instead of issuing commands and laying down rules—which he enforced by rewards and punishments—his job was to encourage the children to efforts of their own choice.

The ultimate aim of this new system can be summed up in Dewey's single phrase: "School is life." An attempt was made to convert the classroom into a small-size scale of life where each child could discover his strengths and weaknesses, develop initiative, learn to face new situations with confidence. Dewey shared Montaigne's belief that the object of education is not to make a scholar but a man.

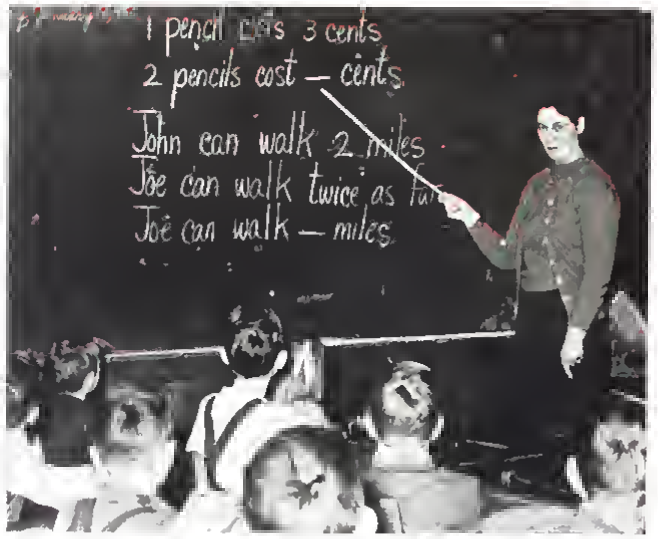
Other pressures have also been reshaping the school. In 1910 there were thirty thousand high school students in all Canada. In 1921 there were eighty-five thousand. From 1921 to 1952 enrollment jumped to more than three hundred thousand, an increase of more than three hundred percent, while the general population increased by less than fifty percent. The function of secondary schools has consequently broadened and they can no longer cater to the chosen few. "Today many of our students have little interest in academic subjects and small ability to pursue them," says Dr. Charles Phillips.

To add to the difficulties of educators they have to compete with movies, radio, TV, comics, automobiles and commercial entertainments for the attention of children and prepare students to enter a world which has become highly industrialized and specialized. One hundred years ago the first North American dictionary contained seventy thousand words; today it has more than six hundred thousand. Eighty years ago the U.S. Occupation Directory listed three hundred and thirty-eight vocations a youngster could choose; today it lists more than twenty thousand.

All across Canada I saw how these new ideas have transformed the face of the classroom. In grade one of the Queen Elizabeth School at Saint John there are movable tables, benches and chairs so that the children can move about and group themselves according to their interest. The "blackboards" are an eye-saving shade of green; the floor is of pink and green tile; there's a toilet, drinking fountain and washbasin adjoining the room. Upstairs next to the home-economics laboratory, is a completely furnished family-size apartment, where the girls learn to be homemakers and housewives. The library down the hall is managed by a group of eighteen grade eight and nine girls, known as the Bookworms.

The blackboard used to be the teacher's only teaching aid. Today, like many others, the Quebec City High School uses motion pictures and slides to teach science, history and geography. Wall Duncy-like film strips and tape recorders help the students with languages. Some individual classrooms are stocked with magazines, newspapers and as many as five hundred reference books. Loudspeakers bring radio broadcasts into the classroom. In a Vancouver school, health was being taught with the help of two white Wistar rats. One had been fed on scraps of doughnuts, candy bars and hot dogs; the other was *Continued on page 47*

## Traditional Methods in Arithmetic are Widely Used




These two Alberta classes give a sample of the cleavage in education opinion. At the Rabbit Hill rural school Mrs. Josephine Law, a keen and devoted teacher, instructs by the orthodox method.

## But Progressive Techniques are Gaining Popularity



At University of Alberta's elementary school Anne Roberts teaches simple arithmetic in a store especially set up in a classroom. The children "buy" everyday products, always check the change.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

# Aberhart

## THE MAN AND THE SHADOW

By BARBARA MOON

William Aberhart had an unquenchable call to preach and the province of Alberta was his pulpit. Now, as his Social Credit Party prepares for its first national campaign, the strange and important story of this strange and important man presents new implications and the same old confusion



Bible Bill Aberhart — as he was widely known — at the height of his power in 1937. His radical policies won him hysterical support and also bitter hatred.

UNDER a hot midsummer sun more than five thousand people milled about the exhibition ground in Edmonton. They scuffed through the sawdust in front of the grandstand and clustered at the ring toss booths and the hotdog stands. Family groups sat on the grass eating basket lunches. It was a reporter observed an even bigger crowd than had gathered there a few years before to listen to one Dr. Price, who claimed he could cure all maladies by the laying on of his hands.

A brass band played Tell Me The Old, Old Story. After a time a group of men filed onto the grandstand. Ribbons in their buttonholes advertised Alberta Needs Social Credit.' The throng hushed for an opening prayer and settled back for the program. A baritone sang Old Man River. A group of girls did a military clog. There were races and softball games. Finally the grand finale was announced: a comedy horse race between runners labeled 'United Farmers of Alberta,' 'Liberals,' 'Conservatives' and 'Social Credit'—the four provincial political parties. The master of ceremonies delivered a breathless commentary. 'Social Credit, the dark horse entry, is gaining in the stretch. It is gaining. It is gaining. Ladies and gentlemen, Social Credit is the WINNER!' The Liberal entry came in second, the Conservatives third, the UFA was an also-ran.

Later, amid wild applause, a massive, pallid man in a three-button suit stepped to the front of the platform to speak. He started quietly, forefingers in his vest pockets. Soon cheeks puffing with vehemence, hand running over his bald cranium—he was thundering. 'We face a giant today. By ingenuity we can deprive him of his power. The sling of credit loans without interest and the nonnegotiable certificated stones will destroy his grip and deliver us from his power.' He called on his audience to unite for victory and economic freedom. 'Oh Lord, grant us a foretaste of Thy millenial reign,' he prayed. 'Organization is not enough. Our help must come from above.'

So in an atmosphere of carnival, revival meeting and crusade, Social Credit came to Alberta. So also William Aberhart, schoolteacher and fundamentalist preacher, convinced the people of the province he had a cure for economic ills as simple and miraculous as the laying on of hands.

And so began the political party that today controls the booming province of Alberta and British Columbia and plans to contest the coming federal election on a nationwide basis. But if the Social Credit Party still counts God as its staunchest ally on the hustings, it has abandoned Aberhart's assurance that people can become prosperous by taking in each other's washing; if it has its political opponents badly scared, it has unblushingly come to terms with its traditional foe, the moneylender. For the party that was regarded in the Thirties as a sort of mule of politics—without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity—is now respectable, and the more formidable therefore.

A month and a half after the Edmonton rally, on Thursday, Aug. 22, 1935, Alberta voted in the first Social Credit government in the world. Social Credit won fifty-six seats in the sixty-three seat legislature. The Liberals elected five members, the Conservatives two, the UFA the former government party, was indeed an also-ran; it failed to get a seat. Aberhart, who had not run in the election, was made Premier.

Three years earlier, Aberhart, principal of the big Crescent Heights High School and dean of the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute, had left lots of God to teach the province how to save itself from financial ruin. With thoroughness and zeal he set out to explain the remedy that had been revealed to him that the state give twenty-five dollars' worth of credit a month to every adult Albertan.

Shouldered to the premiership, Aberhart found he had been arguing a proposition more suitable for debate than for practical politics, for Social Credit tangled with almost every established Canadian institution. This included freedom of speech, the banking structure, the British North America Act and the Canadian federation itself. As an economic system it has not, to date, been tested.

For his labors and his presumption, Aberhart reaped perhaps the most hysterical opposition ever accorded any Canadian public figure, and the most insane devotion. The Calgary editor of a series of anti-Aberhart broadsides signed this statement: "Aberhart is a dishonest, dishonorable, lying, blaspheming charlatan, who insinuated himself into power by deception and misrepresentation and is morally unfit to hold the office of premier." A fanatic in Drumheller screamed back, "Arise and worship Aberhart—the Son of God—" Aberhart never given to standing quietly on the sidelines, addressed his opponents as "rats, sons of Satan, hare lormentors."

The general intemperance of language was matched by a series of the most improbable events ever to be viewed with alarm by the Press. Starting with the cautious opinion of the St. Catharines (Ont.) Standard that "the whole thing is a chimera, a nightmare that passeth all understanding," observers shakenly reported Alberta's progress from political upheaval to the threat of secession from Canada. Most of the reaction could be summed up by newspaperman George Ferguson's plaintive cry: "I deplore Mr. Aberhart. I deplore him wholeheartedly. I wish that he would stop."

Aberhart, with his razzle-dazzle economic line, finally ground to a standstill. The fact, along with the old promises and failures, the overwrought emotions and the ill-advised words is part of a record the party would now be well content to edit. In the light of his party's new conservatism Aberhart must seem faintly disreputable. Current Social Credit leaders seldom voluntarily boast of the men they once hailed as prophet and messiah because silence is the easiest way to reconcile secret embarrassment with the demands of loyalty. It is the final intimate irony—for Aberhart could abide disapproval less than most men.

The founder of the Social Credit Party was a farm boy from Seaforth, Ont. His father was German; his mother English, and the household sober, thrifty, hardworking and Presbyterian. The boy walked two and a half miles to school in winter and labored in the fields in summer. A reserved, onetime youth with white-blond hair, he studied diligently and wavered between teaching and the ministry. Even after he had his first-class teacher's certificate and had married Jessie Flatt, a slim merry girl from Galt, he wasn't completely decided. Finally he stuck with teaching but he plugged away at night on a correspondence Bible course.

After he was in the Alberta legislature he studied law. He taught himself to play the mandolin, steel guitar, piano and violin, and learned French and Spanish with the aid of records. Just before his death in 1943 he announced he was taking up German.

These solitary studies were almost his only recreation except chess, also a notably sensocial pursuit. With his wife and two daughters, Ola and Khona, he was relaxed and playful, but he had few close friends. He was genuinely fond of young people whom he could guide and teach. With contemporaries, particularly those more worldly, he was sometimes ill at ease. A member of the congregation recalls that when Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury, shared in a service Aberhart was conducting, Aberhart stuttered in the pulpit.

In 1910, at thirty-one, Aberhart went to teach in a Calgary public school. Almost at once he began to take Bible classes.

In religion as in arithmetic, his special subject as a schoolteacher, he refused to admit mysteries. He studied the Bible as a textbook whose history was factual, theology consistent and prophecy accurate, for it was the literally inspired Word of God. This prophetic fundamentalism he began to preach. He once described to his students an encounter with a man who'd asked about the stone with which David smote Goliath. 'I said, 'Why, sir, the stone was a sharp, flat pebble that David took from the side of a stream.' 'Oh, no, it is no such thing,' said he scoffingly. 'That stone represents an idea that David impressed upon the giant's mind and confused him.' 'Well,' I said, 'if that is so, do you not think that David was foolish, after he got that idea into the giant's head, to take a sword and cut his head off?'"

At first he taught in Presbyterian or Baptist churches. Soon he took his students with him and built the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute which offered a three-year course to Christian laymen and asserted extension courses, as well as the Sunday afternoon meetings. These *Continued on page 52*



Ernest Manning, left, now Premier of Alberta, was Aberhart's first student and closest associate. He started in politics as Provincial Secretary. Right, Dr. Victor Wright, held civil service post.



Major Clifford Douglas, whose theories started it all. Second leader Solon Low took this snap.

Under the wet circus canvas Trynse watched intently while the Fire Eater, the Caliph and the powerful Wagnerian played

# A Friendly Game of Cards



Trynse's eyes focused sharply, etching a vivid picture to be stored among his memories

By ANTONY FERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH BAGLEISH

THE AIR had been close and murky on the afternoon of their arrival. Then, barely an hour after the last tent had been set up, it rained. It had fallen steadily now for three days and there was nothing to fill the time of waiting except the cards.

"I enjoy a friendly game of cards," Wagnerian said. The thin smile he used made his eyes crinkle up at the edges and bared his very white teeth. "When I was mixed up in the games at Montreal people were only suckers who played cards and lost money. It was strictly business in those days. Now I play for the kicks. No fancy stuff and never a hard feeling. Just a friendly game between friendly people."

The rain pattered heavily on the roof of the tent.

Trynse shifted his weight awkwardly to one side of the canvas chair and watched Wagnerian deal cards without show or expertness, to the Great Valentine, Nattshe and to himself. Trynse never plays. He only watches.

"How does it look, Val?" Wagnerian asked.

"Three for me," Valentine said glumly. He always gambled his money as quickly as he earned it even when Tina told him she would not marry a man who was a slave to the cards. But there was too little for Valentine to do around the circus. He was only Fire-Breather and Masticator of New-Honed Razor Blades, such a simple trick for a showman that it became mere routine and he had plenty of time to play cards and almost always lost.

"How about you, Caliph?" Wagnerian liked to call Nattshe "Caliph" because he was head man of a side-show billed as Sensational Persian Extravaganza.

"I'll stand on what I've got," Nattshe said.

Wagnerian took three chips from a loose pile to one side and put them in the kitty.

"You seen the boss today?" Valentine asked.

"No. But I'll lay odds he calls me any minute now. The rain will be irritating him really bad by this time and he'll say we can't sit around idle, slacken the ropes some more." He showed a straight and his very white teeth. "Whenever he asks me what I think can be done," he continued, "I tell him that it's bad to move wet canvas and there is really nothing we can do until the tents have been dried in the sun."

Nattshe revealed a full hand and took in all the chips Valentine had discarded his hand.

"When are we due in the next town?" Nattshe asked.

"We're booked the day after tomorrow in a place called Cantalen."

"If we don't soon move," Nattshe said, "I'll never get my trappings of Oriental splendor up in time."

"Stop worrying," Wagnerian smiled. "My boys will see you get all right."

The play moved faster. Trynse looked up at the dull canvas roof. Where it came to a point at the centre rain trickled down the pole. It meant the tents were beginning to be saturated with the three-day downpour and there would be a delay. It was very important to Trynse. The leak in the roof angered him. His eyes focused sharply on it and then blinked like camera shutters, etching it into a vivid picture to be stored among his memories.

Wagnerian lost four successive hands, becoming very talkative while the others won.

"Did I ever tell you boys that I never had a friend all the time I was running the barbotte games in Montreal. I was a Big Wheel, but a Big Wheel without friends. Barbotte was a business, a racket, until they cleaned it up. To fix a game when the stakes were really high demanded expert concen- *Continued on page 41*

# WHAT PUT HOCKEY ON THE SKIDS?



BY TRENT FRAYNE

ON A January day in 1946 Frank Boucher, manager of the New York Rangers, predicted the early demise of big time hockey in Canada. To Boucher it was not, however, a melancholy prediction. He simply thought the game's future was so bright that its centre of gravity would move south to the vast rich entertainment hungry cities of the United States.

Although his own team was ensconced firmly in the National Hockey League's cellar, Boucher pointed out that the Rangers seldom played to fewer than fifteen thousand people in Madison Square Garden. The Boston fire department, he noted, had demanded that a maximum of 13,900 people be permitted to watch the Bruins in the Boston Garden, turning away hundreds of ticket-seekers every game. In Chicago, he remarked, assembled sports writers, there were generally more than seventeen thousand enthusiasts in the barnlike Chicago Stadium.

That wasn't all. The day was not far off, he surmised, when hockey would be a thriving thing in Texas. College teams were stirring up interest in southern California. Amateur teams were thrilling vast numbers of matinee patrons in New York and Baltimore and Washington. Nothing could stop the exodus of the best Canadian players to the United States now that the war was over.

In the intervening seven years a great deal has, indeed, happened to Canada's national sport. But it hasn't been engulfed by applauding Americans. On the contrary, there is room for real apprehension about the game's future in the United States and concern for what's happened to it in some parts of Canada.

Although hockey is still flourishing in isolated sections as a spectator sport, there is no question that there's something wrong with it in numerous others. Cities where it blossomed—New York and Omaha, Regina and Kansas City, Moncton and Minneapolis, Boston and, even, Winnipeg, traditional home of sell-out crowds and great players—have either abandoned the game completely or regard it with indifference. The prairie provinces, once abounding with top flight senior teams and the Memorial Cup always had a strong senior team contending for the Allan Cup. Not any more.

Today the Allan Cup final is of little more than intermediate calibre and hardly anyone but the teams involved could name last spring's finalists. Superseding the Allan Cup in pseudo-amateur prominence is the Alexandre Trophy which is of interest to virtually no one except followers of the Quebec Senior Hockey League. Such familiar and fascinating names as those of the Trail Smoke Eaters, the Port Arthur Bearcats, the Sydney Millionaires, the Moncton Hawks, the Regina Caps and the Kimberley Dynamiters are gone from the senior scene altogether or have a small local following.

The Memorial Cup junior final bears not a vestige of its former appeal. People who thrilled to national junior finals between the Winnipeg Monarchs and the Copper Cliff Redmen, the St. Boniface Seals and the Oshawa Generals or the Winnipeg Rangers and the Montreal Royals have a difficult time reconciling what they saw with the bitter debacle of the last five years in which the western challenger had trouble winning a single game, much less a series. The Memorial Cup series attracted more than a hundred thousand people to the seven games involving the Winnipeg Monarchs and the Toronto St. Michael's in 1945. Last spring, attendance barely reached twenty thousand as the Guelph Biltmores routed the Regina Pats. Ten or twelve years ago it was almost as difficult to get a ticket for the Memorial Cup final as it was for last year's Grey Cup football game. Attendance was so poor for the Regina-Guelph series last spring that one game was transferred from Maple Leaf Gardens to Guelph on the accurate assumption that at least the home-town adherents would exhibit enthusiasm.

Professionally, the United States Hockey League, involving such cities as Omaha, Tulsa, St. Paul and Kansas City, folded its tent and quietly disappeared. The American Hockey League, the game's top minor circuit, dropped four teams, Indianapolis, New Haven, Cincinnati and Springfield, from its two divisions, added Syracuse and consolidated into a seven team division. One of these, Buffalo, has offered two admissions for the price of one, matinee games and ladies' nights in an effort to attract customers this season. A couple of years earlier the Eastern United States Hockey League, involving the New York Rovers and the Atlantic City Sea Gulls among others, gave up the ghost.

If there is anything wrong with hockey in the NHL it is not reflected in attendance figures in Montreal, Toronto and, to a lesser extent, Detroit. Crowds at these cities, in fact, kept the league's over all attendance last year from falling further than the 5.97 percent drop of the preceding season.

Junior hockey gates are healthy in the Ontario Hockey Association A group and in the Quebec Junior Hockey League, which play an interlocking schedule. The Quebec junior league, sparked by Quebec City's remarkable player, Jean Marc Belveau, who retires each year, *Continued on page 63*

**This picture shows one reason—the all-in wrestling on ice. Other reasons why Canada's magnificent winter sport is on the decline can be found in the lack of "home-town" appeal and the financial squeeze which has closed once-booming leagues**



# At grips with a grizzly

BY COLIN WYATT  Illustrated by Lyle Glover

**This is the true story of probably the only man who has fought a grizzly bear with his bare hands and lived to tell the tale.** Generally you can approach most of Canada's wild animals quite safely and they pay no more attention to you than they would to another animal; their tameness is one of the joys of the great national parks of the Canadian Rockies. I have had a black bear come to the door of my cabin, accept a bowl of cookies, and walk away afterward licking his chops quite peacefully.

But the grizzly is a very different matter. They are scattered all over the Rockies, living mostly just around the tree line, and unlike the black bear, the females go with their cubs for up to two years, thus making them already twice as potentially dangerous. The grizzly is the only animal that will go out of its way to attack human beings, not to kill and eat—its normal diet consists of berries and the rodents which it digs up—but just to maul them as a cat mauls a mouse, out of a spirit of deliberate viciousness.

Every year the papers carry a bald account of another tragedy. The details of what actually happened are generally sealed by death. But victims usually die of loss of blood and exposure, or a crushed skull.

We were sitting round the hearth one evening, talking of grizzlies when my friend Nick Morant, the well-known CPR photographer, pulled up his sleeve to show his terrible scars and then told me this tale.

Christian Hassler and I had gone out to take some pictures. We left Iron Gear Field at 6:30 in the morning, went up from Sherbrooke Lake near Wapta Lake. Since we were in a national park we didn't carry a rifle. We followed the trail for quite a way and we had got up above the far end of the lake near the tree line when we came on a grizzly with her cub. As we saw her she looked up at us very casual like and Hassler said to me, "Look.

*Continued on page 42*




1953 FASHIONS FOR HOMES

*"Both pleased and proud" about her linoleum floors, says Mrs. Membery*

Today's linoleums are for *all* your "living" rooms. Here, for example, is how Mrs. Membery has used *Dominion Linoleum* floors in her lovely suburban home. Not just in the kitchen — though there of course, too — but in the dining room, the hall, the master bedroom, the children's bedrooms, the bath rooms. Notice the interesting use of color and pattern and how they contribute to the total effect. What you *can't* see is the restful, noiseless resilience of Mrs. Membery's floors, and the hours of floor work they save her every month (dirt just *sits* on linoleum's satiny surface). These truly modern, permanent floors were built right into the house — just like hardwood — over a low-cost base. In fact, you can build with linoleum for no more than you would pay for hardwood.



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*The clever relating of floor design between kitchen and adjoining dining area is achieved with Marboleum in patterns M 11 and M 41 as background and patterns M 89 and M 93 for inset stripes.*



*The bold inset design for Marboleum pattern M 93 against Marboleum M 89 adds interest in this cozy, colorful boy's bedroom.*



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HERE you see pictured the 1953 Golden Anniversary Buick Custom — engineered, styled, powered and bodied to be fully worthy of its paragon role in this fiftieth year of Buick building. A quick listing of simple facts will reveal just cause for celebration.

★ **It has a newly-designed Fireball Straight-8 Engine**
*The importantly stepped up Fireball Straight 8 actually gives the 1953 Custom with Dynaflow even better performance than the 1952 Roadmaster. And this brilliant new performance is achieved with amazing economy and without the need for premium fuels.*

★ **It has Fireball Horsepower**
*Engine horsepower has been increased to 130 on Dynaflow-equipped models and 125 on cars equipped with Synchro mesh transmission*

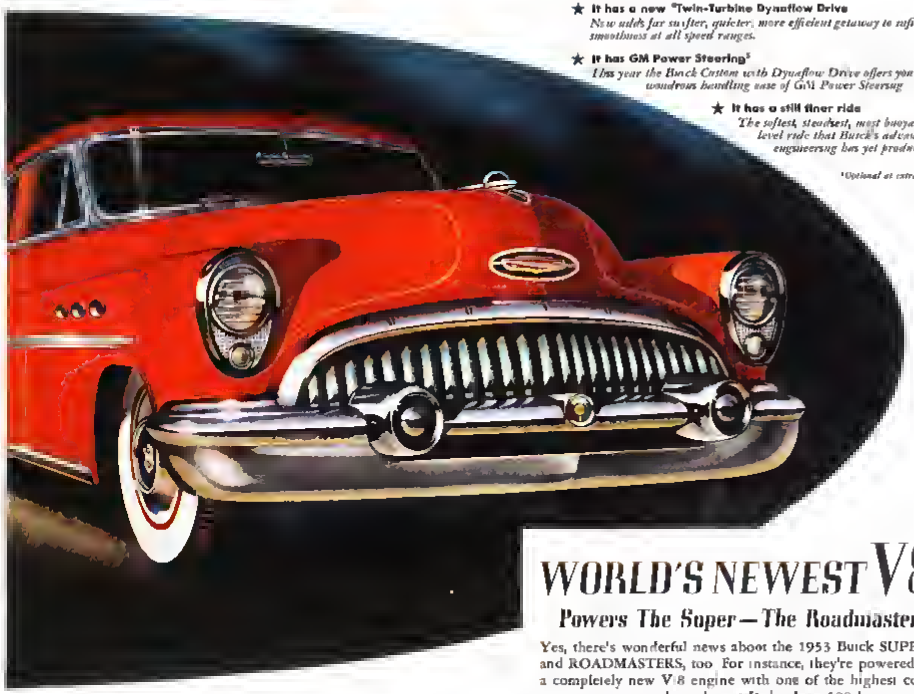
★ **It has a compression ratio of 7.6 to 1**
*New combustion chamber raises compression to 7.5 to 1 with Dynaflow, shortens flame travel for greater power and fuel efficiency*

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*Use your the Buick Custom with Dynaflow Drive offers you the wondrous handling ease of GM Power Steering*

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*The softest, steadiest, most buoyantly level ride that Buick's advanced engineering has yet produced*

[1]*Optional at extra cost*



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So visit the showrooms of your Buick dealer and see for yourself that these are, in simple truth, Buick's greatest cars in 50 great years!

*THEN—NOW—TOMORROW—*

*When better automobiles are built*
*Buick will build them*

*Equipment accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice*




# Maclean's Movies

**CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR**

**ABOVE AND BEYOND** Robert Taylor believably portrays Col. Paul Tibbets the man who dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima. The story is told with an admirable blend of excitement and decent sobriety. Less compelling is the officer's endless fretful bickering with his wife (Eleanor Parker).



**ANDROCLES AND THE LION** Comedies Alan Young overdraws his little role in Bernard Shaw's satiric comedy about a meek Christian tailor and his grateful pal the pagan king of beasts. Much of the GBS wit, however, survives the grandiose movie expansion. Jean Simmons as the wise and lovely Lavinia, is a joy to behold.

**THE GENTLE GUNMAN.** A British film, earnest and occasionally attractive but more often merely dull and muddled, about the struggle between hotheads and moderates in the rebel Irish Republican Army during the early phases of World War 2.

**THE IRON MISTRESS** The impenetrable Alan Ladd switches with ease from guns to knives in this forceful biography of Jim Bowie, American frontiersman. Plenty of violent action here but it's slowed down by an implausible romance with a Creole belle (Virginia Mayo).

**MEET ME AT THE FAIR** Not a bad little Technicolor musical comedy of plot and sometimes sticky of sentiment but buoyed up by Dan Dailey's engaging performance as a spellbinding medicine man who adopts a runaway orphan. Seal Man Clothier, a Negro comedian, hashes around several songs in lively fashion.



**THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER** Tyrone Power tangles slothfully with crooked cardsharps, southern aristocrats and the fair sex in a colorful overlong adventure romance up and down the Big River.

**MY COUSIN RACHEL:** Daphne du Maurier's popular novel is translated into film with adoring attention paid to every glamorous cliche in the lady's repertoire. In its own way it's all very handsomely done, with Olivia de Havilland as the enigmatic Rachel and newcomer Richard Burton as the nephew.

**THE PRISONER OF ZENDA** A thoroughly enjoyable remake of the oft-filmed Graustarkian fable. Stewart Granger, James Mason and Deborah Kerr romp with gusto through its silly but diverting story about a weakling king whose valiant kinsman totally resembles him.



**THE REDHEAD FROM WYOMING** Maureen O'Hara's Technicolor décolletage is a good deal more impressive than the flat old plot that surrounds her. It's the one about the saloon queen, the corrupt politician and the honest settlers who don't lookin for trouble.

## Gilmour Rates

**Against All Flags** Pirate yarn. Poor
**April in Paris** Musical. Good
**Arrangement, The** Drama. Fair
**Battle Zone** War drama. Fair
**Bedtime for Bonzo** Comedy. Good or neglect. Good
**Breaking the Sound Barrier** Jet pilot exploits thrilling. Excellent
**Come Back, Little Sheba** Marriage drama. Excellent
**Crimson Pirate** Action comedy. Good.
**8 Iron Men** War drama. Good
**Everything I Have Is Yours** Musical. Good dancing, poor story
**Face to Face** Two stories. Excellent
**Flat Top** Action yarn. Fair
**Hangman's Knot** Western. Fair
**High Noon** Western drama. Tops.
**I Don't Care Girl** Musical. Poor
**It Grows on Trees** Comedy. Fair
**Lawless Breed** Western. Good
**Limelight** Chaplin drama. Excellent
**Lusty Men** Rodeo drama. Good
**Million Dollar Mermaid** Esther Williams water musical. Fair
**Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation** Fair
**My Pal Gus** Comedy drama. Good
**Night Without Sleep** Mystery. Poor
**Pony Soldier** Mountie drama. Fair
**The Raiders** Western. Fair
**Red Ball Express** Sports drama. Poor
**Reluctant Heroes** Army farce. Fair
**Road to Bali** Musical farce. Good
**Something for the Birds** Satire. Fair
**Stars and Stripes Forever** Brass band musical. Good
**The Steel Trap** Suspense. Fair
**Story of Mandy** Drama. Good
**Top Secret** British spy farce. Good
**Thy Neighbor's Wife** Drama. Good
**Under the Red Sea** Adventure. Good
**Untamed Frontier** Western. Fair
**The Woman in the Hall** Anglo drama. Poor


# "I prayed for rain... in a downpour!"

says ANNE BAXTER, co-starring in "I CONFESS" • A Warner Bros. Production, Directed by Alfred Hitchcock



"For the rain scenes in 'I Confess,' Alfred Hitchcock and Anne Baxter explained they needed me with my water from studio hoses. My skin got so raw, I prayed for gentle, real rain instead."



This windy [illegible] scene chapped my skin again.



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The new RONSON VANSTAN is finely crafted, a perfect gem of design. It has the one-finger-one motion safety action built for years of service. Just press — it's lit! Release — it's out! For a real thrill—give and get a RONSON VANSTAN.

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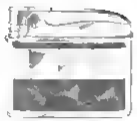
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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

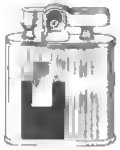
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RONSON WHIRLWIND
Black Enamel Engine Turned Chromium $12.00

## At Grips With a Grizzly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

at that big grizzly over there!" I looked up and saw her end was very worried for I had met them before and they had never bothered me.

Haesler said, "We'll have to wait and let her make up her mind what she's going to do." She was right in the trail so we waited and the old bear turned to her cub and they went across the creek and up toward Mt. Ogden.

Well, I figured she'll mind her own business. She'll go her way and we'll go ours. But that's where we made our mistake—we should never have trusted her.

After we had gone along a little we looked back and there was the cub up in the mountain all by himself and no mother grizzly. Then the next moment we looked over our shoulders to our left and there was another grizzly coming after us as hard as she could come. Boy! Was she travelling!

Haesler and I threw off our packsacks with our heavy equipment and we ran as hard as we dared, we could up into the trees. Now you just go out one afternoon when you've nothing else to do and try and run up a tree as if a grizzly was after you. You've got to be up fifteen feet in fifteen seconds and it's not very easy, go out and try some day! That's what we had to do.

I figured to myself that the first man to climb a tree would be the first man to get caught and if I tree further than Haesler then maybe I'd be in the clear. So that's what I did. It's not a very Christian way of thinking, perhaps, but sometimes you forget about other people and start thinking about yourself. So I ran beyond Haesler as he started up a tree—when I climbed my tree and looked back there were his legs disappearing up into the branches and almost at the same moment, the grizzly appeared at the bottom of his tree.

She looked so small, you know, it didn't look as if she'd ever be able to get him, his legs were way too high. But there I was wrong. I realized then something I'd never realized before that a bear is just like a caterpillar, you know the way a caterpillar stretches itself right out? Well a bear does the same thing. She stood up and she took him by the leg at some feet from the ground. She grabbed him and ripped him right out of that tree. Then she jumped on him and started to tear at him.

Poor Haesler was crying for help and there was I up my tree and not knowing what to do. Now if you were up a tree and saw a friend being torn by a grizzly, what would you do? There's a real predicament, would you stay up in the tree or would you come down and try and help the other one? I really didn't know what to do, because sometimes in the bush the glorious thing to do isn't the smart thing. Maybe it's better for me to stay up here. I thought and then, whee the bear's finished mauling him there will be someone to look after him and get help. But on the other hand in the meantime he's being killed. So I had quite a decision to make for a grizzly is pretty big and you haven't much chance of coming out of it alive.

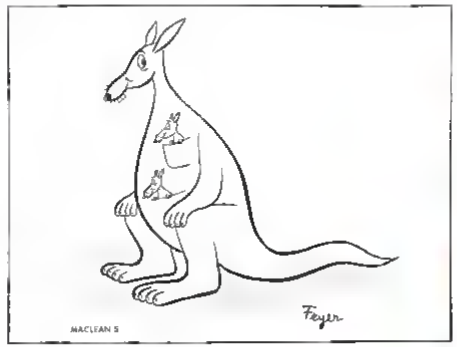
Anyway, I came down out of the tree up behind the old grizzly and whacked her over the backside with a stick. The grizzly didn't like that very much. She swung around and she came at me and I started to run. I was heading for Banff! Three I remembered that a grizzly can move awful fast, it can overtake a horse in an open field. So I knew if she came up behind me she would strike at me with her paws—and if you look at those rugs you'll see the size of a grizzly's paws. The claws are as big as Fvernberg peanuts. When a grizzly swipes at you with those claws it's like someone stabbing daggers into you, just cuts you all to pieces or knocks your head off.

So I threw myself on the ground so that the bear wouldn't have a chance to strike at me with her claws and when she rushed me I kicked her in the face with my big boots.

Well, when I kicked her she got very mad. She was just as quick as lightning and grabbed my leg in her mouth. Do you feel that? Put your finger in that hole in my leg. It comes clean through the other side. The leg was split in half just like that, quick as it takes to tell it. See the muscles here? That's where they broke through the casing. The leg was broken in two places and the muscles ripped through.

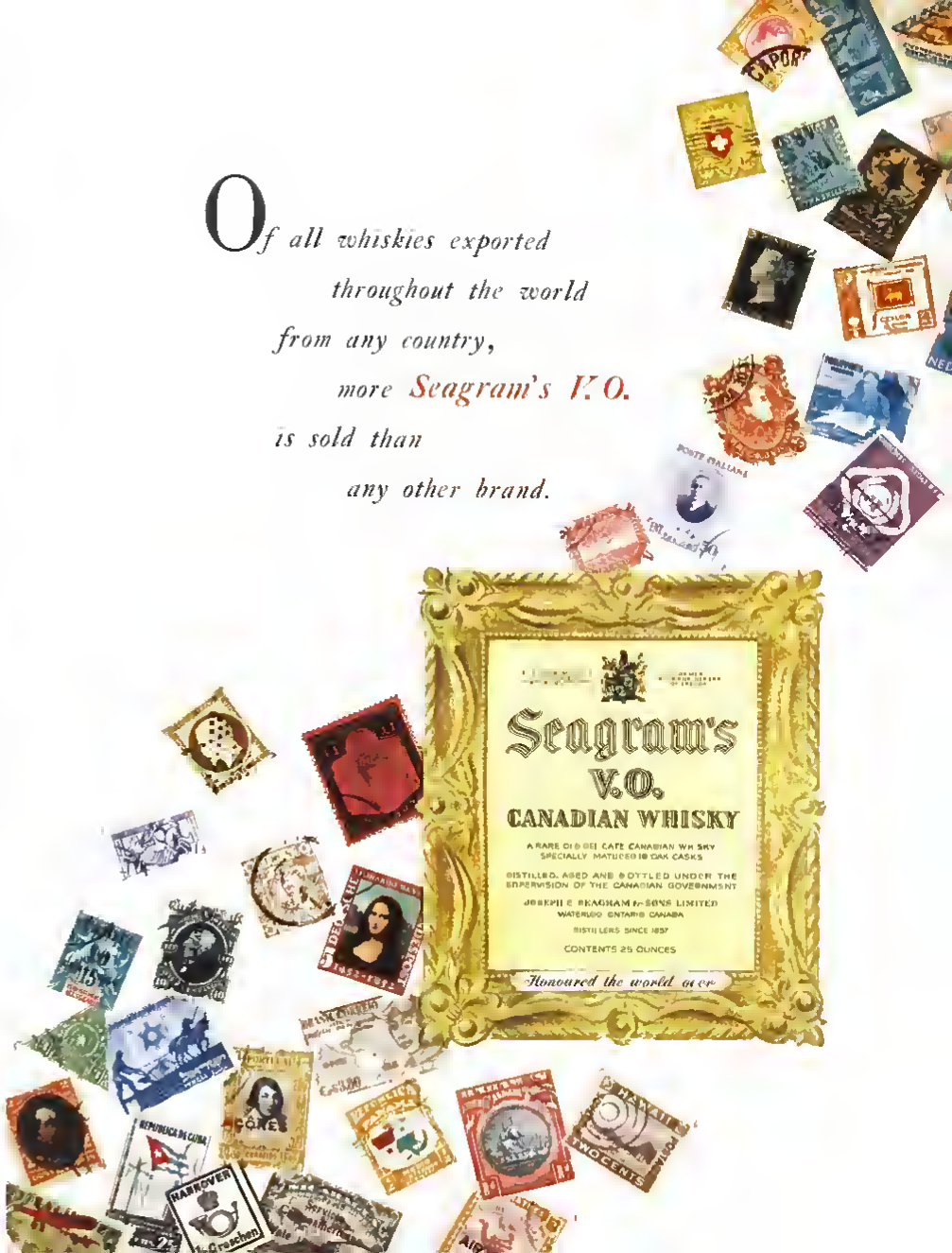
When I found the grizzly had my leg in her mouth I was very scared. I beat at her with my fists to make her let go. She let go but then she grabbed me by the arm, see here's a cut which showed all the muscles in my arm. That rendered my arm useless and my leg useless. Then just as quickly as she'd attacked me, she went back after the still unconscious Haesler.

I had to get up and try to get away but I found I had a leg broken in two places and a bad arm. I thought I'd climb a tree but I couldn't even do





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that. So I just leaned against a tree. You have to remember that when you are in an accident like that there's what the doctors call shock: you're terribly weak; you're terribly scared; you're like a little boy.

So I stood there leaning against a tree and having yelled Haesler again, she came back looking for me.

Now remember that a grizzly's sight is not very good and that I had figured the first person to climb a tree would be the first person she'd see. Well this time she came rushing past within two feet of me; she never saw me but went rushing headlong by me. I could have touched her with my hand as she went past. She stopped about ten feet beyond me, swung around and came back on the other side of the tree. She stood there with her behind to me and I could have reached round and touched her.

Then she must have smelled the blood on me — or more likely she must have heard me breathing for I was breathing very heavily. So she whips around the tree and comes at me with a hell of a run and down I go and bite the dust again.

When she came back at me I swiped at her with my other arm and she grabbed me up here at the upper part of the elbow — she grabbed me and shook me like a rat. Have you ever seen a puppy shake a rag doll? Then she threw me about ten or fifteen feet — it felt like further — and I landed face down in a bunch of rocks. I lay there and I felt pretty sick.

Now while all this was happening Haesler regained consciousness and realized there was nothing he could do as he was pretty badly wounded: his arm was terribly hurt and all the muscles of his leg were exposed down to the shinbone. He made a run for it and got away. He ran and walked and fell unconscious about eight times all the way back to Wapta Lake. But I didn't know that, you must remember, I didn't know he'd got away.

So after the bear had finished with me and thrown me in the rocks face down, she went back to look for Haesler. But she couldn't find him. She went rushing around in the bush looking for him and I just lay there. I could see her running around. She was so big that when she hit a tree the whole tree would shake.

I lay there and wondered what would happen. I really didn't care too much. Anyway suddenly she came out of the brush and she makes a rush for me again. She came right at my face. I rolled over and turn my face down in the rocks. She bit me all over my body — she took me by the head for eighteen stitches; she bit me behind the ear and just lifted all the skin of my scalp right up just like the Indians used to scalp people. (I remember everything very well. I didn't get unconscious or anything like that, at least I don't think I did.)

Then she stepped on me once — like somebody putting a grand piano on me — a terrible weight. She walked right clean over me and past me up to where the trail was.

I looked up and there was the cub. He'd come down from the mountainside. That cub saved my life.

But I was very annoyed, for I always believed that if you left animals alone they'd leave you alone — and so they will except for the grizzly who is unpredictable.

I swore at Mother Bear, called her every name under the sun, told her to go home.

And then she started at me a fourth time. Just as she came at me the cub let out a little yelping noise; she turned around and went off down the trail with the cub.

Now you may think that's the end of the story but it isn't. It took Haesler about six hours to get out — he didn't get down until late in the afternoon.

Now you must remember that the bear went off down the trail between me and civilization and left me blocked up in a canyon. But I believed that Haesler was still there — but he wasn't, he was on his way out. So I figured I'd have to go and get help. I worried about him so I went to look for him as best I could with a leg broken in two places. I couldn't find him, so there was only one thing to do and that was to go and get help, and to get help I had to go out behind the bear; if I went down the trail I'd run into the bear again.

There was only one thing to do and that was to circle the area. In other words go all around where I thought the bear was. The mountains there are very steep and I had to go and look for a way out. I had to cross the creek and I marked my trail with my windbreaker so they would know where to look when they came looking for Haesler.

I climbed nearly two thousand feet up Mt. Ogden with my broken leg, right up to the snow line, walked all day and climbed down to the shores of Sherbrooke Lake, and there I found the people going out to look for me. I had been eleven hours out with no help at all. The blood was clotted three inches deep on my shoulder, and the first man I met fainted at the sight of me. I had a very bad time of it.

Both Haesler and I lived to tell the story, but he died a year or two later from a heart attack. I was in hospital a long time but I've now completely recovered. ★








## The Girl Who Became Melissa Hayden


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19


her first to New York, then on tour through Canada and the United States, on a year's tour through South America (and three revolutions) and through three separate tours of Europe. It has given her a dancing contract on television and an important role in the new Charlie Chaplin film Limelight. And it has demanded a high price in time, energy, physical pain and emotional sacrifice.

Melissa Hayden was born Mildred Herman on April 25, 1927, at 274 Augusta Avenue in Toronto. She was the second of three daughters born to an ambitious woman and her husband, a wholesale fruit dealer. "Mother was the one who drove us," Melissa recalls. "We all took music lessons, the piano, and when I was eight I went to Beth Weyms dance school, where I did acrobatic and tap, and went up on toes for the annual recital. But I didn't stay at dance school long. I didn't like it then."

Millie went to Lansdowne Public School and then to Central High School of Commerce, where she took a secretarial course and her junior matriculation. She won a silver medal for highest marks. She also remembers her mother working frantically at the last moment on her graduation dress. It was white chiffon over taffeta with a rhinestone bodice and red velvet jacket. She still cherishes it, though the chiffon is yellow now. The bastings were still in the jacket when she rushed off for the graduation ceremony and she cried because her mother was not able to get dressed in time to be present.

At school Millie was an ardent swimmer and was a member of the school swimming team for four years. The remarkable breath control which enables her to dance long difficult roles today she attributes to her early swimming. She swam all summer at Sunnyside and started going out with her first date, Stan Alter. They went steady for five years until a professional dance career intervened to break up a childhood romance.

Millie didn't like her older sister Leola because "she was too bossy." And she envied her younger sister Catharine because she was prettier, more intelligent and was adored by her mother. "My mother accused me of being jealous of Catharine and I was," she admits. "She used to write my compositions for me. I couldn't express myself. But I got high marks with her compositions."

After she had graduated from high school Millie went to work as a bookkeeper for an automobile supply firm and started to study dancing with Boris Volkoff in Toronto. She says: "I don't know why I started to study dancing — unless it was my mother pushing me. And then I kept on just to prove to myself that I could be as good as anyone else in the school."

From the first day at Volkoff's studio Millie's driving competitive urge was marked. Elizabeth Leese, who danced for Volkoff and taught a much-despised by orthodox ballet pupils modern dance class there, recalls: "Millie was the only one of the advanced pupils who took those classes. I felt she would go far because she had a real professional attitude, anxious to learn from anyone who could teach her." And Millie now says: "Elizabeth Leese taught me how to jump."

It was not long after Chujoy's visit that Millie was dancing leading roles in Volkoff's company. Before the year was out she had saved enough money from her job to feel she could take a chance with New York.

It was in October 1945 that she appeared at the office of Dance News in New York and announced to a startled Chujoy: "Here I am. What do I do now?"

Chujoy knew that she was not yet ready for a ballet company. She needed more lessons, more polish. But she had to eat. At that time Canadian-born Florence Rogge was ballet mistress at Radio City Music Hall and was partial to good Canadian dancers. Chujoy called her on the phone: "Florence, I have a good dancer for you from Canada." "I'll find something for her," Florence replied. "Send her over."

Living at a girls' rooming house on 63rd Street near Lexington, she had to attend rehearsals and four performances daily at the Music Hall. She also took two classes a day at the Vilzak-Shollar dance studio recommended to her by Chujoy. The latter recalls:

"My chief impression of Millie at that time was a worried-looking girl rushing in show make-up along Sixth Avenue or 57th Street, heading for a class or hurrying back after class for a performance."

She ate usually in drugstores or, for a big treat, at a Horn and Hardart automat. Often it was just toast and coffee. One time she remembers eating ten slices of bread in a day, but she lost weight steadily: fifteen pounds in five months. She was always hungry and almost always broke. Her weekly salary of sixty dollars quickly vanished in lessons, toe shoes, practice costumes, clothes, room rent and the necessary incidentals of living in New York.

"I kept pretty much to myself," Millie remembers. "We were allowed





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to see pre view of new pictures at the Music Hall free. and I saw all of them. Sometimes I played on runway with the singers on the show. But mostly, if I had any free time, I slept. One big event still sticks in my mind. My sister Catherine had been visiting my other sister Leola over in Jersey. She called me and told me to meet her at Gimbels department store. When I met her I saw she had a paper parcel and I asked her what was in it. She told me it was turkey drumsticks that Leola had given her for me. I couldn't wait. We went right into the rest room at Gimbels and I ate both of them right there."

Her first venture in New York lasted five months. Then she had to return to Toronto to seek employment in the United States. She arrived home in February 1944. Her mother took one look at the thin frame and gaunt face of her daughter and burst into tears.

Under wartime regulations it took Millie just a year and a month to convince Ottawa that she was not essential to the Canadian manpower pool. During that time she worked as a bookkeeper for her father and spent all her spare time practicing, taking lessons at Volkoff's studio and dancing for him. Volkoff tried to persuade her to stay in Canada but she was determined to make good in New York. She still went out with Stan Alter, however. Dancing and marriage had not yet presented themselves as mutually exclusive alternatives.

Back in New York in 1945 Millie resumed the strenuous routine. "I never worked harder in my life," she says. "It was plain drudgery."

By summer Chujoy, who had been watching Millie's progress at the Vilzak-Shollar school, decided that she was ready for a ballet company. He suggested that she try out with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. She applied to Frederic Franklin, ballet master of the company, but when two weeks passed without a call for audition from him Chujoy urged her to apply to Ballet Theatre, the other big touring company at the time. She was accepted instantly and joined the company on Aug. 5, 1945, in San Francisco. Later Franklin, upon seeing her perform with Ballet Theatre, said to Chujoy, "Is this the girl you wanted me to audition? What a perfect fool I was not to have called her!"

The Ballet Theatre contract ended Millie's childhood romances with Stan Alter. They both agreed that there seemed little future with them together. "Stan met another girl later and they are happily married now," Millie says a little sadly. "I've never gone steady with another boy since."

But touring with Ballet Theatre didn't allow Millie much time for moping. She joined the company after four and a half days on the train, standing in line from two to three hours for meals in cars crowded with soldiers and when she arrived in San Francisco she found that accommodations had been reserved for her in a rooming house of very dubious status. She spent all her first afternoon looking for another room and finally had to settle for an expensive hotel. She had in 1 danced for about two weeks, and her toe nails had grown so very unwisely she cut them close. In the quick the day before her first appearance. She suffered agonies on stage every time she went up on her toes and blood soaked her two shoes.

But eventually the nails grew strong again and Melissa solved the hotel problem by joining in the "army game." This time-honored practice is familiar in all touring companies. One girl registers for a room with a double bed or twin beds, and another is the non-paying "ghost." Then they split the bill. Sometimes they are able to split the bill four ways.

"We did that for three years and we never once got caught," says Melissa proudly. "Paula Lloyd and I were usually partners."

Millie's daily routine with Ballet Theatre was very similar to the one she follows today. Each morning she would get up, have coffee and juice for breakfast, sometimes whole wheat toast and jam (today supplemented by a large pill of concentrated iron and liver to combat that dancers' occupational disease, chronic anaemia) and then take class, taught by the ballet master of the troupe. After the class, usually lasting from one and a half to two hours, there would be rehearsals of the ballets scheduled for the same evening, perhaps another three hours. Then lunch. If no further rehearsal was scheduled for the afternoon she was free. She would try also to sleep for an hour or so before the late afternoon class, which would leave her nicely warmed up for the evening's performance. Or, if there was no second class, she would come into the theatre around six p.m. and work out either alone or with another dancer for an hour or so, leaving just enough time to don make-up and costume before the performance.

At night—after the performance the dancers would usually eat their big meal of the day. If a star-struck balletomane could be found anxious to treat them so much the better and the bigger the appetite. But very few of the company went out on their share. We usually managed to bring another hungry dancer along, for protection.

And it is amazing how a man's ardor will cool when he sees you put away a thick steak. It wasn't at all fun.

It was while on tour with Ballet Theatre that Millie slipped a disc in her lower spine. At first it gave her occasional pain which disappeared when she was warned to but steadily and ominously it grew worse. Osteopathic manipulation brought relief but in many towns she was unable to get treatment. However it did not interfere with her progress in the company.

She had joined Ballet Theatre as a lowly member of the *corps de ballet* but after a year she began to get small solo roles, and by 1948 she was dancing the leading feminine part in the ballet interplay. Chujoy in Dance News pronounced her "good" in the part.

Millie stayed three years with Ballet Theatre and made her first trip to Europe with them. She fell in love with the continent and with England where she noted that ballet audiences were discriminating but enthusiastic. Thru in the summer of 1948 Lucia Chase, whose Chase National Bank inheritance had been covering the company's annual deficit, decided to suspend operations for a year. Up to that point she had absorbed over two million dollars of deficit. The dancers found themselves suddenly out of work.

Millie was luckier than most of the others. She found a job gratuitously dancing solo in the musical hit Allegro which was on its last nine weeks in New York. She also understudied Kathryn Lee, who had a speaking and singing part. "Yes, should have heard me read my lines," she recalls. "I even tried to sing too. But I was terrified that anything should happen to Kathryn Lee."

Another two months in the musical Love Life saw her through the summer. Then Alicia Alonso, who had been the prima ballerina of Ballet Theatre and who had scraped together enough funds to form a ballet company in Cuba, wired Melissa offering her a six weeks' engagement with that company. Melissa promptly accepted. She remained with the Alicia Alonso company for fifty-nine weeks.

It was a valuable if often harrowing experience. Based in Havana, Cuba, the company toured through that country, then Venezuela, Mexico, Guatemala, San Salvador, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Argentina. For the first part of the tour it was managed by an elusive impresario who always managed to leave town just before the company arrived and since he had the payroll funds the dancers usually went without pay. They finally caught up to him in San Salvador, which was currently going through a revolution. The dancers appealed to the army general currently in charge, and he had the impresario taken from the plane he was about to board and tossed into jail. But the dancers still didn't get salaries.

Millie remembers going for days without food often without enough money in her purse to write a letter home for funds. They stayed at the best hotels at company expense, however, though occasionally they were locked out of their rooms when the hotel bill was not paid promptly. When they got money from home they often had to spend it all before leaving the country because of currency restrictions. In Mexico City Millie could not digest her food, suffered from malnutrition. After fainting twice during a performance she was rushed to the hospital and given a blood transfusion. Including the San Salvador uprising, the company went through three revolutions and Millie recalls watching snipers on roof tops and throwing cigarettes down to the soldiers stationed around their hotel.

Tar dancers eventually wore out their toe shoes and stuffed paper in the toes to make them last. Sometimes the paper fluttered out the toe of the shoe during a performance. But new toe shoes were impossible to obtain. Millie once secured a new pair by brazenly asking Alicia Alonso for a pair when Alicia was entertaining a local dignitary in her dressing room. I deliberately chose a time when she couldn't very well refuse me, and she made a grand gesture. Millie relates. "The latter we had a big fight when she accused me of swiping a pair. I denied and carried on. There was a big scene."

Millie and the temperamental Alonso laughed violently on two other occasions. "But I admired Alonso very much and I still do," Millie says. "And on that tour I learned the whole classical repertoire as I was grateful for the experience."

Financially though the tour was a total loss and when Millie finally left the company in Buenos Aires to accept an offer from the newly formed New York City Ballet its artistic director, George Balanchine, had to wire her the plane fare to return to New York. She is still owed two thousand dollars from the Alonso venture.

The lean and arduous months in South America left her with a chronic anaemia from which she suffered for the next two years. And the slipped disc in her spine continued to give her great pain.

But as a dancer she had grown. In the New York City Ballet Balanchine had assembled a starry group of ballerinas



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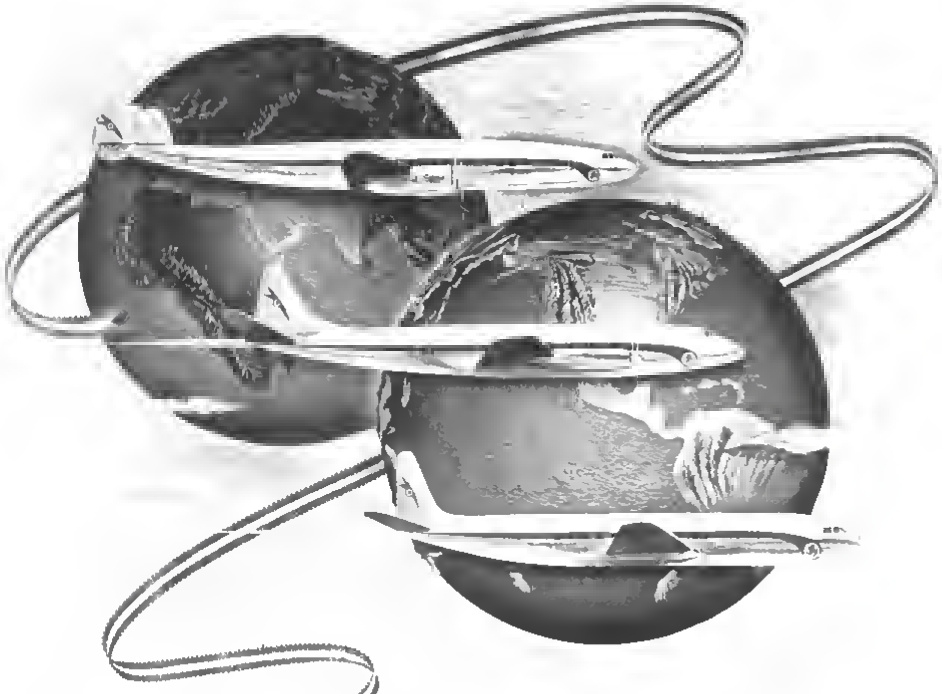
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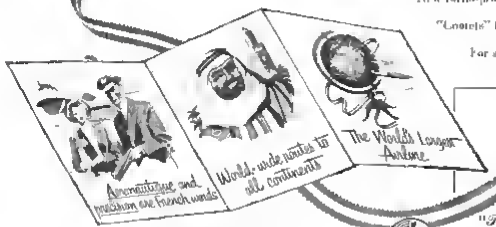



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all anxious to dance under the direction of the man generally recognized to be the greatest living choreographer. That Miller was listed fourth in this group was a tribute to the standing she had won for herself with Alonso, and she quickly proved that she was well worth the rating. In a whole succession of roles, including Tam Dani, Illuminations, the Miraculous Mandarin, Age of Anxiety and Symphony in C, she won rave reviews from New York's ballet critics and, during the company's two European tours she added to her prestige by sharing not only her own roles but those of other ballerinas who were either injured or absent. Once, when prima ballerina Maria Tallchief injured her ankle during Symphony in C, Miller, without even time to put on make-up, slipped into the ballerina's costume and finished the ballet.

Then in 1951, at what seemed to be the peak of her dancing career, Miller faced a crisis. The slipped disc in her back had grown steadily worse and only a stubborn determination had kept her going. Now she found that she was unable to perform steps in certain directions and the muscles on her right thigh began to lose their tone and strength. A specialist warned her that her dancing career would be over within the year. She dared not ask for new roles and felt that she was doing well to retain those which had been given to her. She hid her weakness from the rest of the troupe and struggled along with sinking heart.

It was at this point that she heard about a young dance teacher, newly established in New York, who was earning a reputation among professional dancers for his brilliant teaching. His name was Benjamin Berkeley, and Miller decided one day to take one of his classes out of curiosity. He quickly spotted her weakness. But instead of allowing her to favor the weak leg he forced her to exercise it even more. He gave her exercises to do at home in the morning. "It nearly killed me," Miller says now, but gradually I noticed an improvement and my back became stronger too. By the end of the spring season I knew I would be well again.

Another important event took place for her when André Eglevsky, one of the world's best dancers, joined the company. Offered an invitation contract by Jose Molinas for his partner for a series of programs on the Keith-Smith Hour, and at the end of the ballet season they performed together for three weeks at the Roxy Theatre. Then Charlie Chaplin, agent approached them. Chaplin was looking for two dancers for the dance sequences in his new picture, Limelight. Would they care to go to Hollywood for an audition?

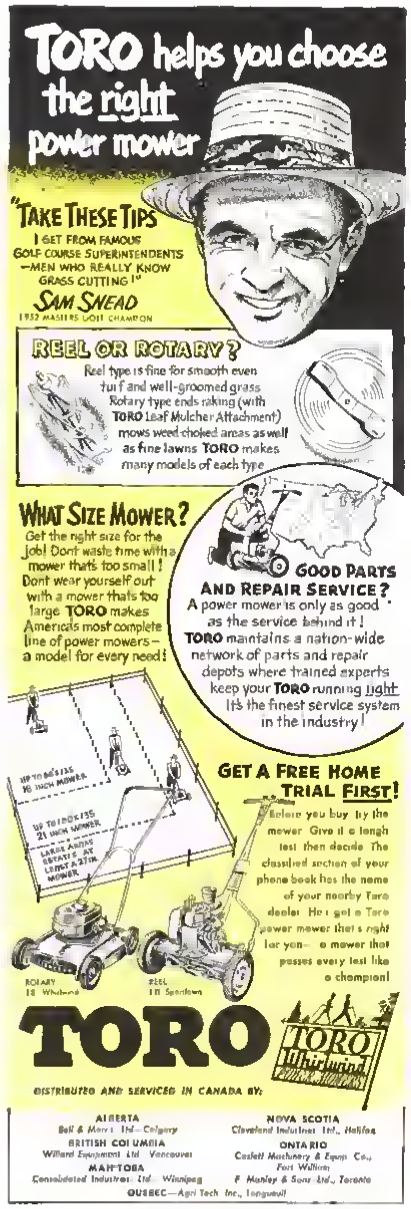
They would. Within a few days, they left for Hollywood.

I was excited and nervous. Molissa relates. We arrived in the morning and went straight to Chaplin's studio. He greeted me a small white haired man with tiny hands and feet and a gentle manner. He didn't say much at first, just looked at me and I began to feel depressed. We went for lunch at Romanoff's and I had a lobster salad. Then we went back to the studio and I was given the dressing room which the Great Garbo had used just two months before. Was I thrilled! Eh played the music he had written for the ballet and he explained the part that he wanted me to try. Then we started to work and we worked for two hours. After that he took us to dinner with his wife Oona and later we went back to the studio and he screened Modern Times for us and showed us still pictures from his other films. He was full of energy, always making remarks and never still.

The next day we started to work seriously but he still didn't say anything about a contract. I met his leading lady, Claire Bloom, and Syd Chaplin, who is also in the film. By the end of the third day we had completed the outline for the whole pas de deux sequence and at the end of the fourth day we returned to New York and I still didn't know whether I was accepted or not.

Then his New York representative called me. I asked him if Mr. Chaplin wanted me and he said he did. We bargained about the contract and simply on principle I asked for three hundred dollars more than he offered. He gave it to me. The contract was for ten days but we were finished in five and there were no retakes. He was wonderful to work with. The first day I got up at five-thirty a.m. He simply said "Now dance." This is the place where Claire comes in for an audition and this is the music she dances to. Just do what you would do at an audition. I was a bit bewildered but I listened to the music and then I did something. He said it was fine.

He is really a wonderful person to work with. He makes you do things that you didn't think you could do. Inside of an hour we had put together everything he wanted for the sequence. He made them shoot even when I was rehearsing. He said, "Film is cheaper

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than your energy' You know it was funny Just the week before I had been working with Gian Carlo Menotti for his television opera, Amahl and the Night Visitors, and I found the same simplicity, modesty and remuneration again in Charlie Chaplin It was thrilling and when it was all over life seemed so dull afterwards.'

Early last spring Melissa was invited to a preview of Limelight by Chaplin when he was passing through New York on his way to London. "I loved it and I cried" she admits. In the movie by dint of clever doubling' Melissa does all of the actual dancing

Whether it was the stimulation of her experience with Chaplin or whether it was due to the recovery of her back, Millie went to Europe for the New York City Ballet s summer tour full of the old fire and sure that she could dance any part that fell to her

Back in New York and going into her fourth year with the New York City Ballet she still had not reached her biggest goal with that company— a Balanchine ballet True, she has taken over roles created by Balanchine for other ballerinas and she has danced them with distinction But Balanchine has never selected Melissa Heyden as he has selected other ballerinas, to create a role especially for her Until he does she will not be able to boast that distinction envied of all dancers of being a 'Balanchine dancer.'

'It takes time,' counsels the astute Champ who persuaded a despairing Millie to stay with the company when she was on the point of signing a contract with the revived Ballet Theatre last spring "You cannot rush Balanchine He will get around to her in his own good time.'

Another of her ambitions is to dance with Sadler's Wells Ballet But, there is a tacit gentlemen s agreement between the two great companies which forbids raiding Melissa would have to drop out of circulation for at least out of a ballet company for a year before she could hope to be taken up by Sadler s Wells Yet the dramatic dancer who has thrilled and startled audiences with her vivid portrayal of impassioned femininity has as her greatest ambition to dance Swan Lake at Covent Garden I would give anything for that' It would be the classical crown

It would involve a considerable financial sacrifice too Salary in Millie's Radio City Ballet Theatre her salary jumped from sixty dollars a week to ninety With Alexis Alonso a company she was supposed to get eighty dollars a week, when there was any money available When she came to New York City Ballet she received at first ninety dollars a week and this has risen since to one hundred and sixty But her greatest earnings have been made outside the company chiefly from television where she netted eight thousand dollars last year This year her television contract has been extended and she is more in the public eye than ever before particularly since the release of Limelight. She has been featured in several American national magazines All that spells money in New York

But Millie has already shown that money is a secondary consideration in her ambition— She admits cheerfully that the last year in the first one in which she has been out of debt She lives a simple almost austere life in New York nearly completely occupied in a round of lesson rehearsals and performances. When she has spare time she uses it sewing or knitting or redecorating the one-room walk up third floor apartment on West 56th Street which is handy to rehearsal and class. She has repainted it in brown and cream and she is currently busy sewing drapes and a new slip cover for the studio couch which together with a couple of chairs and a small gas stove comprise her apartment furniture

At rehearsal and in class she works with tremendous concentration and energy Clad in black leotard a kerchief keeping her brown black hair in place she never spares herself Some dancers in rehearsal will "mark" difficult steps, as a boxer will pull his punches with a sparring partner Millie dances them out always and when others stop for a rest she will go off by herself and keep practicing

Millie's rigorous routine is responsible for the fact that there isn't a spare ounce of flesh on her five foot-four inch sinewy body During the season she usually has her best weight at one hundred and seven pounds and in the off season it may advance to one hundred and ten pounds She has thirty four inch hips twenty three inch waist and thirty three-and-a half inch bust; she explains apologetically about the bust "Most of it is on the back" Her shoulders are wide, her arms muscular Yet dancing, she can give an impression of yielding softness She has a provocative almost oriental face, firm chin, hazel eyes which change color with the clothes she wears. She loves bright and sultry colors, peacock blue, purple, bright red red with purple Her expression is animated with an inner vivacity and fire

I learned a bad reputation for temper when I first came to the New York City Ballet Melissa admits "I think it was partly due to my bad health partly to the habit of battling that I got into when I was with Alonso But I don't like a reputation like that and I try now to be more reasonable But sometimes you get so mad'

Direct in her thinking and outspoken Millie is something of a lone wolf in the company She does not hide the fact that she thinks she can out-dance anybody else there and her conviction is grudgingly shared by many of her rivals Only prima ballerina Maria Tallchief and Patricia Wilde another talented Canadian are considered capable of matching her technical virtuosity and no other ballerina in the company danced as many leading roles as Melissa did in the recent autumn season During one week end the writer saw her in eleven roles in three days a staggering assignment

Melissa s hobbies are simple. She owns a miniature silver grey poodle saddled with the name of Cameo Samovia but whom she calls Flic short for Sheflan a movement in the work that has always given her trouble Flic keeps her apartment in permanent disorder and when she is incautious enough to bring him to the theatre he redoses the dressing room in complete disorder and earns her strained relations with Tanaquil LeClercq the other ballerina who shares dressing room No 2 with her Melissa also has a camera a new hobby and she is prepared to agree that she is pretty good with it Her parents, who moved from Toronto to Brooklyn to be near their unmarried daughter look after Flic for her when she is on tour

Affairs of the heart have been few and far between When her engagement broke in Toronto was broken Millie promptly fell in love with a celebrated dancer in Ballet Theatre But I saw that it was hopeless so I got over it she mused "I bet was really the first time, and it has been the last.

Of course I go out with boys And a year ago I thought marriage might have been a way out of a professional demeaning career Now —Melissa shakes her head slowly, a little sadly "I doubt it I doubt it very much" ★



## A Friendly Game of Cards

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

tradition If any of the paying customers made a remark that had to be answered in a friendly way the game required you to release just a small part of your attention and keep your hand on the fix You got to be such an expert at this little trick that you took it away with you after the game Yan couldn't help it. It made you sort of absent-minded for anything else but the cards.

Nattashe laughed "You sure must have made a lot of money being absent minded that way"

Sure Wagnerian boasted with his friendly smile 'But I m still better off straight I ve got more friends this way and I can really enjoy the cards now'

The smile was something he had been obliged to develop It had to be a friendly smile to make it look like a really friendly card game in which there was no idea of a fix The crinkle around the edges of his eyes made it appear that his whole face was smiling and that had to be carefully developed also All these tricks had been so well practiced that they had become a permanent part of him, although he



said he had never used them to gain any advantage since his bachelette days to Montreal

Are we playing or aren t we?

You take the cards too seriously Val, my boy Be like me Play them with ease It s a real enjoyment that way"

TRYNSE understood what Wagnerian meant He listened and watched and understood many things which were incomprehensible to the ordinary man who rarely listened and when he watched did not see anything Trynse spent his life doing these two things Whatever was significant he recorded quietly Then was very little that escaped him

Watching them play cards a thing he did with great care it was even possible for him to know which hands Wagnerian would win

The stack of loose chips he kept to one side was a marker There were twelve in this pile Wagnerian would continue to lose until it had dwindled down to three Then he would begin to win until there were at least twenty chips in the loose pile. Twelve would remain there for the new play and the others over that amount would find their way unnoticed into his neatly stacked reserve It was his system On a long day when it happened to run, he could take in as much as thirty dollars playing with his friends in this way

Trynse closed his eyes allowing memory to carry him back to other circumstances He remembered a gaunt little man looking at himself in a concave mirror in one of the midway sideshows The man was stunned by the caricature it made of him as he realized that the distortion for a moment was as real as the figure which had made it

Wagnerian honestly believed he was a bright code of play. Because he believed he took a genuine interest in people he thought the cheating was something unimportant which he did for the fun of it and which his friends, if they knew would certainly understand But he had never seen the brutal caricature that was reflected in Trynse s eyes

Valentine pushed back his chair I ve had enough Lost my shirt again If anyone wants me I ll be over at Tina s tent.

'I m going too" Nattashe said 'Maybe my luck will change tonight"

"All right boys" Wagnerian said smiling "Any time you re ready just whistle"

Trynse watched him then sitting by himself and playing the cards forlornly against opponents who were no longer there He was dashing in his insistence that he win even when there was no one to play against

Suddenly, Wagnerian was no longer sitting there All there was of him was caricature His plump fingers dabbling at the deck were like the cruel claws in the amusement tent in which claw indolently into a confusion of coins sea shells and jelly beans All the time he stared at Trynse with that fixed smile on his lips and his eyes laughter-crinkled Trynse tore away from the fascinating hypocrisy of the eyes and his own eyes once again blinked like camera shutters The picture they took was of a pair of claws frantically digging through the shells and sweets, trying to separate the coins As he saw this, an expression of guilt came over Wagnerian s features and the image broke into a little shattered pieces

It gave Trynse an idea and for the first time in his life he contemplated real action and paused on the edge of an irrevocable decision

"Deal me a hand " Trynse said carefully

Wagnerian looked at him and laughed

"Deal me a hand " Trynse said "Then deal one for yourself

"You can't play," Wagnerian laughed.

"Deal me a hand anyway'

Wagnerian watched him a moment then dealt two hands and picked his own up nervously

Trynse s cards remained on the table

"Pick them all up and do it again for me" Trynse said He was surprised by the firmness in his own voice When he spoke again there was a tone of playfulness as if this was beginning to be a sport this exposing of Wagnerian "Deal just like you do when you play— for money

'What s the matter Trynse? You sick or something'

"Deal for me Wagnerian like you deal for the others. I want to see you fix the cards."

Wagnerian s claws tightened around the deck He couldn t seem to say anything

"Don t be afraid ' Trynse said softly "I won t tell them how you do it I don t know really But I can tell by the loose chips"

What loose chips?"

Trynse laughed It was the first time Wagnerian had heard him laugh and it cut right through him Trynse closed his eyes and laughed It was all he could do Wagnerian had never looked that way before There was no anger not even surprise Simply a great stupid horror when he realized that Trynse had spent all his time during the card games watching him The idea had never entered his mind before and now that it had it left him speechless at his own stupidity There was no defense he could erect He screamed finally "Shut up!

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But Tryase continued to laugh

'Shet up!' Wagnerian said 'Shut up! Shet up!' Each time he said it there was more fear in it.

Wagnerian was trembling, picking up the deck of cards and laying it down again, refusing to look at him.

Tryase watched Wagnerian's hands and he knew that while he had been laughing Wagnerian had seen that twisted caricature of himself that Tryase had seen earlier. The picture of the good sport was shattered and lay in little pieces in Wagnerian's own trembling hands.

"Now we both know," Tryase said simply. A sound came from deep in Wagnerian's chest. "No one else need see this," Wagnerian" he said softly.

"We can keep it a secret. You're still safe. I wouldn't have told you if it hadn't been for Valentino." His tone was very soothing now. "Valentino and Tina want to get married but they haven't any money. It seems he's lost it all playing cards with you. Those odds were really stacked against poor old Valentino but they'll change now won't they, Wagnerian?"

Wagnerian said nothing.

"Won't they, Wagnerian?"

Wagnerian nodded.

"Just long enough for him to win say about three four hundred dollars? It won't kill you. And you can go on cheating like others if you want to. I don't mind."

But Wagnerian knew that he wouldn't be able to any more.

He looked at Tryase almost sadly. "Why did you wait until now?"

"I told you. It was for Valentino. I could put up with it before because there was no one really being hurt. I was just an outsider learning about a rotten gambler."

"Don't talk like that." Wagnerian said tonelessly. There was a flabbiness and lack of spirit in him.

"I never thought I could," Tryase said.

They watched each other.

"Better find Valentino," Tryase said.

He watched Wagnerian during the game and it was not until Natalie came and asked to join in that he realized what he had done to the gambler by breaking the illusion he had of himself. After Natalie sat in Wagnerian began to lose to him also. It was not so much but enough to show Tryase that something deep inside which had once sustained Wagnerian and made him capable of living with himself was gone. He had nothing more to lose. What did it matter to him now if the others found out about him? Why should he worry about seeing other people when he could no longer face himself? That was what made him dangerous. He no longer cared.

They played far into the night. The game was still going on when Valentino slowly looked up from his cards and listened. Softly he said: "It isn't raining any more."

It went on for a few more hands until Carlo, the man who looked after the freak show, came in and told Wagnerian that the boss wanted to see him.

Wagnerian got up tiredly and went to the opening of the tent. "You boys might as well get ready. You know what this means." He pushed their chips for them and left with Carlo.

Valentino counted almost three hundred dollars. Natalie had made close to fifty. Tryase watched their jubilance and wondered what they would say if they knew how he had arranged it. But it was too late for that. He had noted. There were certain consequences to result and they were as inevitable as the echoes that lie in wait in dark places for any sound that comes. It was as if the consequences had been there long before the action. There would be no use in trying to change things.

THE sour smell of ruptured effort was in the air. It mingled with the odor of wet grass and the mysterious scent of glamour that a carnival carries.

The big tent was coming down, first the sides so that the top was left stupidly suspended and the dead interior caught full of wind and the shame of its own nakedness. And then the ropes slackened and the supports taken away, leaving the top there to sag slowly and collapse like a helpless dying thing.

Tryase turned his eyes away. It didn't matter any more what they did. They could spend the rest of their lives obscenely taking the show apart and putting it together. He would never let it affect him again.

Already they were hauling at the quadrangle. Tryase sat in his folding canvas chair while dead illusion was being dissected and carted off as the backs of human ants to the waiting trucks. On a platform directing it all was Wagnerian, the skilful butcher with the megaphone voice.

The brutality of evacuation, aroused and smelt, and color chewed into Tryase's brain dryly, to release a flood of memories. But he only sat quietly shivering, refusing to allow anything that was going on to register a meaning for him. He watched and listened like a newly dead man remembering nothing.

a procession of barrels rolling past under the hypnotic spell of Wagnerian's voice, the creak of dry timber, the moan of greased hemp being whipped around bales of canvas, a cough from some cavernous chest, hoofbeats and the liquid ripple of chains, the whispered wind and the occasional forlorn trudging in no single place, the joyous shrieksong of crickets and the pale small-eyed stink of elephants, the sway of naked lights, spasmic movement, downward action, recession, overtones of blasphemy—persisting through everything the bored hum of waiting trucks.

Half of them had been loaded. The roustabouts were being organized to start on the heavy equipment and the animals. Wagnerian rallied them with his megaphone and dispatched them in relays to the bales of canvas and the ornate cages.

He noticed Tryase off in one corner of the quadrangle and nodded to him. It was like a sign, and as it was given the slow silent terror began to take hold of Tryase.

He saw the shadow of someone behind him. Wagnerian was too busy with the move now to hear him calling desperately into the darkness. The shadow moved and stopped. Tryase watched Wagnerian on the platform. He talked quickly. Wagnerian is out to get me. I caught him cheating at cards. Get the boss or Carlo. If they don't stop him, I'll have to leave the show.

Slowly the shadow limped out of the darkness and laughed, its voice a mocking crescendo which dipped and rose again until Tryase looked back and saw that he had been talking high secrets with a hyena, and screamed. "I don't want to look at it!"

The hyena cackled again stupidly, swaying on the end of its chain three feet away from Tryase.

He stared into its eyes. It looked at him dumbly. The white line around its neck where the chain had gnawed the dark matted fur away was crawling




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with Ilona. In terror Tryone turned away and closed his eyes.

The lyeas o eyes and the str pal look and the free smowling rn the white flesh remained there. etched on his mind as deeply and permanently as if it had been burned with acid.

I don't want to look at it!

When he opened his eyes again the thing was gone. Tiny fast rump and wheeled the cage off and the hyena chained to it was limping dreadfully behind.

The whirlwind thing were now Wagnerian had decided that Tryone would not be going to Carlsbad or any other town the show went to. This was going to be his first engagement. The thought made him very tired so that he no longer wished to do anything or think anything but only sit there quietly until it was time to see them go. If it were not in this town Wagnerian would leave him in another. Perhaps it would be worse then.

It had been a terrible mistake to fight against someone so strong.

While the rumble of the heavy vans was dying out and the show that had been so much a part of him moved out like a caravan into the darkness he sat quietly shivering. Then the whole thing passed and the show were ordered for him.

THE circus made good time on the road. They began to set up again as soon as they reached Carlsbad and by mid day everything was standing as solidly as if it would remain there like a thing permanent. As soon as the preparations let in the first trickle of the crowd Wagnerian's work was done and he was free to play the cards until it was time to move again.

He found Valentino in the Persian Extravaganza tent sitting like a playful little boy on Tsar's plump knees. He was telling her how he and Nattalie had beaten the devil out of Wagnerian at cards.

In the bustle of setting up the show and putting it in working order again no one had noticed the absence of Tryone.

Wagnerian surveyed into the tent took out his deck of cards and began to play against his invisible opponents but then, was no longer any spirit of adventure for him. He tired of pretence.

Surely Nattalie came in to chat with Valentine and Tsar. It was not until Valentino again brought up the subject of the card game that Nattalie remembered he had not seen Tryone.

He must be over with Carlo getting ready for the first show, Valentino said.

Wagnerian looked up gently from his cards. "Tryone didn't come with us. He decided to leave the show and stay over in the last town."

"Tryone, quit the show?"

Yes, Wagnerian said very quietly now. He said he was tired of moving around all the time.

Nattalie frowned darkly. "He left just like that?"

Yes just like that. I guess he had enough.

Well, who's going to break the news to Carlo and the boss?"

I don't mind, Wagnerian said.

Boy! Will they ever be mad! the Great Valentino said. "Tryone was a rare one. A guy born without arms and legs happens once in a thousand years.

No, Wagnerian said. Human torsos are a dime a dozen nowadays. Look at how many came home from the war.

He put down the cards and went out to break the news to Carlo and the boss wondering all the time whether Montreal had really been cheated out like they said it was. ★


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## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Miss Oberon is a woman of considerable charm and a surprising degree of fruitfulness. For example there was an arts contest in which writers had to answer twenty questions about famous books paintings and sculpture. I scored heavily on the authorship of David Copperfield but most of the other nineteen got away from me like a large fish. Yet Miss Oberon answered all twenty correctly and won the prize.

We assembled at 8:30 in the Smoke Room for cocktails, being five in number altogether and just after the other two guests arrived the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

To a journalist used to politicians nothing is really embarrassing yet it seemed to me that there were difficulties ahead on this occasion. Readers of Marlowe's may remember my article on the Abdication which incited the duchess heavily against Mrs. Simpson and caused a good deal of interest at the time. Two years later when I dedicated the article in my book Westminster Withdrawer the Duke demanded a public apology and the withdrawer of the book. I made no public apology but withdrew the book which had just been sent to the newspapers for review. Not yet will agree a perfect program to a dinner at all.

At dinner I sat next to the Duchess and she recalled the occasion when my wife and I dined at her London flat with her and her then husband Mr. Ernest Simpson. Having thus established the fact that she knew us from she then talked of New York. Princess Margaret, Princess of Windsor in the year when the Windsors were at Government House and world events.

It was lively intelligent conversation in which nothing was said that could not be repeated in the most sedate newspaper in the world. She looked well she was dressed well and she talked well.

After dinner the Duke took me aside and we sat down in a corner where we remained for more than an hour. In my time I have written tens of thousands of words about him. I saw him first as a boyish officer in the First World War. Then in the years that followed I saw and heard him on many occasions in that period when he was the Prince of Wales as beloved of the people that even at the marriage of his brother George to the kind eyed girl from Scotland it was Edward who nearly stole the scene.

If Louis XIV of France was the Sun King then Edward was the Sea Prince. His youth lingered beyond his years.

Then came the warning shadows headlines in the foreign press. His constant association with Ernest Simpson's wife, gossip lands its tongue but the British Press loyally of stupidly publishes nothing. Then the death of King George V. Long Live King Edward VIII! Abdication. The Duke of Windsor begins the life of a royal exile.

What of the woman whom he had married?

Every year the Duchess has been included among the six best-dressed women of the world. In the world of fashion she is a queen in her own right but the British Court would not give her the rank of Your Royal Highness. Courtesy to the Duke. Mrs. Wallis Simpson's first name to the Duchess. Her friends spoke openly about the rigid traditionalism of royalty. As for me the palace was concerned she was a black leg. When the Duke wrote his memoirs the very skies of England frowned. It could not have happened in good Queen Victoria's golden days.


7 New Tintex Shades

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In the Mikado the son of the Emperor disguised as a wandering minstrel, describes himself as a thing of shreds and patches. Edward VIII had become a wandering Duke. On his travels in every country but his own he had to meet the flunkeyism of snobs, the half-concealed sneer of the smart sets, the cheap familiarity of those who delight in seeing gods trembled from their pedestals, the sorrow of decent men and women that he had put aside the crown which destiny and heredity had placed upon his head.

Sixteen years of hurt light and deepening shadows! Do you wonder that on the Green Mary I approached her conversation with the conviction that I would soon find evidence of the deterioration that must be the result of such an experience?

Let me state at once that this is not what happened. I do not want to appear in this letter as an eyeopinant or cynic but only to set down the truth as it appeared to me. Instead of stagnation or deterioration I found in the Duke a lively and penetrating mind a sense of humour with a nice edge to it, and a knowledge of contemporary political personalities which could not have been more acute if he were still a regular visitor to the House of Commons. Never once did he say: "This is off the record" or "You must not publish this."

Yet he talked with complete candor of events and personalities in Britain. He spoke of the Green with genuine affection and even enthusiasm. He sees in her the embodiment of the spirit of renaissance that is stirring in England. There I drew the curtain. The rest is silence except for one more sentence. Even when he frankly appraised the personalities who moved to the centre of the stage in London society today he never uttered a bitter or a resentful word.

The Duke of Windsor will not be a power again in Britain. Wrongly, tragically, he renounced the crown which here lay heavily upon his temples. He will not come home even for the coronation of his niece because—and it is a convincing reason—there is no precedent of an ex-king of Britain attending the coronation of a successor. And since his wife will not be given a title of equal dignity with his he will remain an exile.

He lost the battle with Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury and as a result he lost his throne.

He left the battle for peace in which he might have played a vital role. All these things must have pierced his heart and added to the darkness of the night.

Yet I am certain he has won his secret battle with himself. He has not lost his love of country. He has not relieved bitterness to poison his mind, and he has not lost his faith in the great mission of Britain and the British community of nations.

Then why should we not use him? Let him go as governor to Kenya or some such trouble spot where as a son of kings and a man with a love for humanity he could bring a new spirit and perhaps a new sense of community to the different races. The Duke of Windsor has too much to give to the world to be content with the café aristocracy of Paris and New York.

He made no mention of these things to me. The idea of recalling him to the active service came to my mind after the ship had arrived and we were all deposited into the mad glittering Babel of New York with its perilous towers, its teeming crowds and the crazy symphony of the traffic seared only for horns. ★



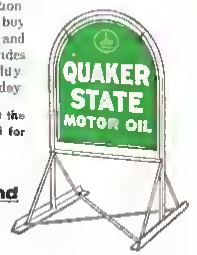

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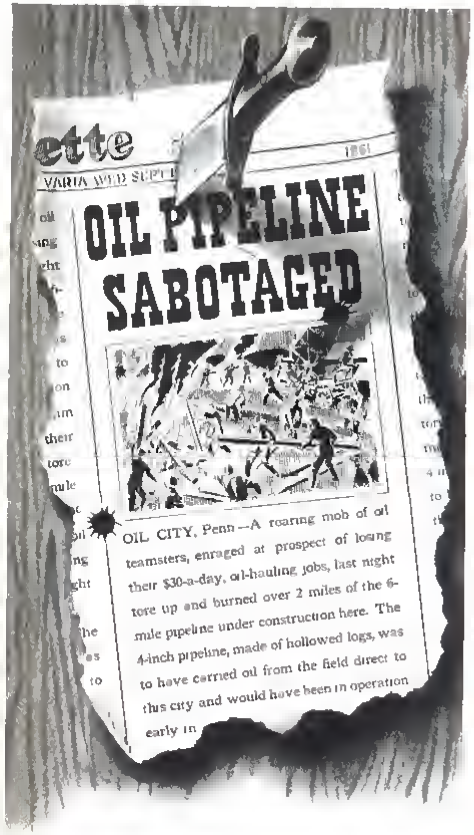
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## CANADIANECDOTE



Tyle Gloco

### Angélique Was No Angel

QUEBEC in 1750 was a city split between abject poverty and splendor. The rich moved in a gay circle riddled with intrigue. The leader of this circle and the subject of its most spicy scandal was dark-eyed beautiful Angelique des Meloizes.

As the wife of Captain Hugues de Péan, an unenviable character who held the office of town major, she was hostess at many soirees at which François Bigot, the intendant, was the honored guest. She caught Bigot's fancy and soon they were to be seen together almost every night. One New Year's Day anxious to please Angélique Bigot gave her and her brother a large house on St. Louis Street, not far from the seat of Palace Hill, where the intendant had a magnificent palace.

At the palace, Bigot his inamorata and their favored friends filled themselves with food and wine at lavish banquets while the common people died by scores from cold and hunger.

While one of these revels was in progress an old man and his daughter, famished and freezing, saw the windows ablaze and heard the sounds of merrymaking. The man forced his way in to try to plead the cause of the poor. But Bigot's uniformed flunkies threw him unceremoniously out of the door into the snow.

Later that night when Bigot was handing Angélique into her sleigh she tripped over the old man. He was dead, and his daughter lay unconscious beside his body. Angélique forced her way into history books with her remark: "My God—he will not sleep tonight that is certain."

Bigot fled De Péan hushed up in the Bastille in Paris. What happened to Angélique is not known although she returned to France with her daughter whose father was supposed to have been Bigot. Her house on St. Louis Street eventually became part of the barracks of officers stationed at the Quebec Citadel.

To Angélique fell the dubious honor of being Canada's first noted courtesan. In the classic tradition. HERBERT L. MCDONALD

*For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay $50. Suitable source material and mail to Canadianecdote, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.*



## The Row Over the Three Rs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

obviously thriving on a diet packed with vitamins.

The modern teacher frequently uses the whole community as his textbook. One day recently the entire grade-three class of Ottawa high school divided themselves in ten committees and were out interviewing policemen, lawyers and judges in the course of preparing a report on the administration of justice. Classrooms have more books than ever before—and they're livelier.

How have the fundamental theories applied to the teaching of the three Rs?

In reading the old system was to memorize the alphabet, learn consonant and vowel combinations then fit them together to form words. The weakness of the method was that it entailed tedious memorization. When the child did 51 syllables together to form words it very often turned the class as he had been taught. The new look-and-see method is exactly opposite: you start with words and end up with syllables. During the first week in grade one children now start learning to read short stories by sight. The teacher carefully explains the words and pronounces them. Thus, from the beginning they see the word in its proper context, know its proper pronunciation. By Christmas most children read and know one hundred words by the end of the year more than two hundred. Grade-one children today master three pre-primers and two primers compared to the single primer most adults remember. In a prairie school I saw the twenty new words of the week dangling on the classroom Christmas tree like sugar plums.

Improved techniques help the child as he goes on to higher grades. New reading textbooks are scientifically planned to include words the child uses and can understand. Old grade three books contained terms like "precipitous" and "echelon"; today "Christmas," "skates," "cold" and "bought" are considered more appropriate. Much of the drilling in reading, writing and spelling has been made less tedious. Ethel MacKay, a Toronto grade-eight teacher, has her children write letters to their MPs. The best ones are mailed and the replies tacked up on the bulletin board. Every teacher in an English course is currently popular theme in most schools.

The formal teaching of grammar is now in disrepute and with the exception of the maritimes hardly has been banned from the classroom. In the old school long hours were devoted to parsing and analyzing sentences and paragraphs. Most teachers now believe the best way to teach correct English is by example rather than by formal dissection of the parts of speech. Grammar failed to do what it claimed it could do, says Dr. Charles Phillips. "You can't teach English by teaching grammar."

In teaching arithmetic current attempts being made to discard the old-style drill. The elementary school of the University of Alberta has moved furthest in this direction. I found there that arithmetic was being presented in concrete rather than abstract terms. I watched grade-three children solving problems in decimals and fractions not in a classroom but in an arithmetic laboratory. They were using an array of colored cardboard and plastic rulers, spheres, squares, rectangles and paint, chart and gallon containers. A well-stocked grocery store stood in the corner. Children prepared shopping lists, added


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np bills made change The creator of the laboratory Dr M F LaZerte claims "This approach takes the sting out of mathematics If drill is necessary then let it come after the youngsters understand the facts

Are the three Rs being taught today as well as they used to be? After examining the best evidence available my answer is this while there is no cause for jubilation he teaches the three Rs we've gained in some respects lost to others

In Vancouver the Board of Education's research department asserts that scientific tests show reading proficiency has gone up between 1939 and 1951 that arithmetic remains has remained the same while arithmetic computation has gone down slightly At the Edith Cavell School the legibility of the students handwriting has gone neither up nor down in the past decade

In Toronto Howard Saet principal of Blythwood School gave his 1952 grade eight students the 1919 high school entrance grammar examination Although the children had not covered the course on which the exam was based and were unfamiliar with much of the terminology their average mark was fifty two on a 1914 spelling paper they averaged seventy four Tests unearthed through the results of the high school leaving examinations (Protestant) in the province of Quebec Comparing the period 1920 29 with 1951 a higher proportion of 1951 students passed their intermediate algebra trigonometry and Latin a higher percentage of 1920 29 students succeeded in English physics and elementary algebra

But the final 1951 report of the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education which canvassed educators businessmen labor officials and parents, is anything but reassuring It commented on the "gravi deficiencies in the basic education provided by the secondary school" and strongly recommended that the schools attach more importance to a solid grounding in basic arithmetic and English

This kind of criticism has already moved many schools to modify their curricula In Saskatchewan the grammar section of the English course is receiving more attention pupils in grades eleven and twelve are being asked specific questions in spelling and grammar on their English examinations and poor English usage is being severely penalized Grade twelve children in Vancouver are being drilled with spelling lists In Moncton classrooms and public libraries were stocked with hundreds of new books and parents were urged to encourage their children to do more outside reading Today Moncton grade six children lead New Brunswick in reading ability Practically every province now has committees trying to strengthen English and arithmetic programs.

What about the "frills"? Social studies which has been attacked more bitterly than any other of the "progressive" subjects is an attempt to combine the teaching of history geography and civics The supporters of the social-studies approach claim that when these subjects were taught separately the pupils got a mass of unrelated facts and had no real understanding of countries and the people who lived in them The social studies teacher is given a much broader field to cover In grades one and two in Manitoba the course includes instruction on pets and toys the home the school the farm community helpers and travel Children talk about their pets, construct suitable model shelters for animals make model animals paste up scrapbooks By the time they've reached grade four the things is Ways of living in many lands Areas to be studied include the Amazon Valley Arabia Spain Japan and Switzerland In studying the Amazon Valley the children make a scrapbook on the Story of Rubber collect sample products like cocoa and Brazil nuts, and write reports of an imaginary visit

In the higher grades a good deal of the social studies time is spent outside the classroom What can Ottawa grade ten is working on a health services project the whole class is divided into committees which visit hospitals sewage-disposal plants talk to doctors and public-health officials Back in class they prepare written and oral reports. A spelling committee checks up on spelling errors and gives monthly spelling contests a letters committee oversees the sending of letters of enquiry and thank you notes a helpers committee gives a hand to weaker students A parent who has a child in this class observed approvingly My child has become a questioning organism"

In grades three and four in Ottawa eleven percent of the time is spent on social studies Thirty five percent on English fourteen percent on arithmetic In Saskatchewan elementary schools ten to twenty percent is spent on social studies forty fifty percent on English eight twelve percent on mathematics. In Manitoba grade ten twelve percent is spent on social studies, eighteen percent on English and twelve percent on maths.

No doubt the social studies course has achieved part of its objective of helping the child understand the world around him and play a responsible part in it But the weaknesses are well pointed up by Dr O U B Miller director of curriculum New Brunswick

You need educated teachers, a well arranged program and good equipment to do a proper job These conditions are often absent Courses are frequently overcrowded A grade-eight Winnipeg teacher told me she had one year in which to cover the history of all the English-speaking countries from their beginning until the present Thirty seven minute periods have times a week It's utterly impossible she said In another school there was one globe for six hundred students In a Saskatchewan school a boy who got an A for his scrapbook about Australia couldn't locate the place on a map An Alberta father complained My grade five daughter is so busy writing poems about Hawaii and plays about African missionaries that she hasn't had time to learn the names of the capitals of the Maritime provinces "

Because a great deal is left to the discretion of the teacher and teachers have their prejudices and preferences social studies programs vary greatly and are often badly out of balance In many cases either history or geography is being neglected Classes are too large Instead of twenty students many social studies teachers have classes of thirty five—seven times a day "If I divided up my total teaching time I'd have one minute a day to give to each pupil" one teacher told me These weaknesses in the social studies program are almost universally recognized In most provinces committees of teachers and departmental officials are making revisions. Typical is a directive to Alberta teachers that "an accurate body of facts must be mastered for every topic upon which an enterprise is attempted "

### Preparing for Parenthood

Another "frill" lambasted by the critics is the kind of course which comes under the heading of guidance and counseling " These have a variety of names but their purpose is the same to help prepare the youngster for his future role as parent worker and citizen Saint John high schools students take guidance as a compulsory subject once a week Business and professional men are brought in to talk to them In Saskatoon guidance teachers like Bill Munning give all grade nines a thirty minute weekly lesson and are available for consultation on personal and academic problems British Columbia features a course in effective living In classes above grade six The theme is "The home is strategic whether our nation is great or mean all depends on the home The established unit of a happy family is one of the greatest goals human beings can ever attain "The course takes up the problems of marriage

Are such courses necessary? Most educators think they are When a mother they think must parents agree with them "Those are the kind of frills the public demands" says David Sullivan, registrar Department of Education Alberta Now the teaching of school emotional control sex education and craft driving are knocking at the school door

Many of the older generation past and present can look back on their own school days when the arrival was more heavily on academics Mrs Beulah Bewell who has served as chairman of Timmins Ontario school boards says I recall the filthy lyrics and woodshed when during the unsupervised lunch hour sex education was dispensed in a most roguish manner I'm afraid my old school fell short in its teaching

Have the academic subjects been neglected by including in the already-crowded timetable too many periods of painting music arts and crafts? In the secondary schools these subjects usually exist as options in the elementary schools they are given in anywhere from fifteen to twenty percent of the classroom time Whether or not this constitutes a frill depends on your point of view Most educators would agree with H N MacCorkindale superintendent of schools Vancouver when he says "Music is an essential part of education for the cultivated person. People have more leisure now What should they do with it"

In most of the schools I visited a lively interest in music was apparent —largely the result of musical courses In Regina's Central Collegiate there's a band an orchestra and a glee club of one hundred and fifty male voices These groups give up most of their lunch hour twice a week to practice Teachers regard this type of activity as a developer of character and say that through having to learn their parts and be prompt for rehearsals the children acquire good work habits and a sense of responsibility To many a timid child music has been the doorway to a satisfying social life These are some of the reasons that Toronto's Board of Education chairman Arthur Brown after hearing a two-and-a-half hour recital by high school bands, choirs and orchestras told the audience, "If all this is a frill then let's have more frills"

But it is true that some schools over-anxious to be well in competitive musical festivals subverse children in music when they should be doing their arithmetic A Winnipeg teacher told me "I believe in music in the schools. But several times last month as many


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as forty percent of my children were taken away.

A host of other non-academic subjects have been added to the secondary school program—subjects of a technical, vocational and commercial nature. The Victoria Composite High School of Edmonton, like many other schools, offers courses in everything from motor mechanics and hat metals to home making and dress designing. This poses the question of whether technical education be given a place in secondary schools.

Advocates of a liberal education reply with an emphatic No!" Dr. Sidney Smith sees the problem as a conflict between what he calls "school-ing" and "education." The practical or technical courses come under "schooling." "They train a man to do something, but not learned, and how to learn something for himself."

On the other hand, the advocates of "practical" education point out that everybody goes to high school now, not just the select few. Many of the students dislike or are unable to cope with purely academic courses; ninety percent of the students don't intend to go on to university. Education must become more practical to cater to this large group if it doesn't, the students quit. To support their contention they point to a significant figure in the 1951 report of the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education: only thirty-five percent of students entering grade seven complete secondary school. The chief reasons? Unsuitability of curriculum, lack of interest and rebellion of grades. Dr. J. G. Althouse, chief director of education for Ontario, says, "When the school bores its students so they don't want to learn any more, education hasn't improved them, it's damn them, hrm."

Regardless of the controversies which are raging among professional educators, one significant fact emerges: children seem to have a friendlier feeling toward their schools and teachers than they used to have. Harry Pullen, of the Ottawa Collegiate Board, states: "The school is no longer a jail, it's a happy place. It's become the centre of the child's life."

Truancy is no longer a problem. In the 1920s, the Ottawa elementary schools brought ninety-three children to juvenile court in one year for absenting themselves from school. Last year, in spite of the fact that there are now fourteen thousand pupils, not a single child appeared in court. In Saskatoon, where the truant officer is about to retire, the school board is debating whether it's necessary to appoint a successor. A parent in that city told me: "My thirteen-year-old daughter had to stay home for a day because she was ill. She cried bitterly because she didn't want to miss home economics." Dr. C. C. Goldring, director of education, Toronto, is critical of the annual June crop of newspaper pictures showing youngsters hysterical with joy on the day school closes. "It's a false picture. There are as many sad hearts as glad ones." With so many attractive extra-curricular activities—social, cultural and athletic—many students seem eager to go to school and stay late. One Montreal teacher says the school has become "a place for community living."

Granted that we have made our schools more palatable for our children, have we paid too high a price for it? Are we producing a generation who are immature and sloppy in their dress, manners and thinking? "I personally am satisfied we are not," Our children are no worse than ever before, if anything they work a lot harder," says Bert Wales, a Vancouver teacher with thirty years' experience. Fred Fallen, of Ottawa, finds that problems of discipline in the high schools of that city are rare. Damage to school property is negligible.

Much criticism of children's behavior stems from a failure to realize that manners have changed with the times. Children now speak up more," says Melba Hope, a Saskatoon grade-eight teacher. "If a boy no longer tips his hat, it's probably because he seldom wears a hat." According to Dr. J. A. Long, director of research, Ontario College of Education, while today's child may show less surface politeness, he has a better sense of values and social responsibility.

I saw evidence of that at Vancouver's Kitsilano Junior and Senior High School. When a family was burned out of its home, the students phoned and staged a concert on their own initiative and handed over the receipts to the fire's victims. They visit hospitals and institutions for old people, veterans and crippled children. To finance their work they collect tons of waste paper and thousands of wire coat-hangers. In Ottawa, which could, elementary school students organized into safety patrols which are on duty four times a day have brought down the number of traffic accidents. These examples could be multiplied to furnish almost every school community in Canada.

What does worry our educators is that it's becoming more difficult to mold character along desirable lines. Many teachers feel the efforts of the school are being undermined by a general deterioration in public morality. A specific cause of concern is the decline of the influence of the home. Many children today are being brought up in homes where both parents work all day. In some homes they hear father boast about how he gypped the income-tax department or fixed a parking ticket. In others they see Mom and Dad take liquor to a football game.

Why shouldn't the children do the same?" asks Frank Paton, of the Ottawa Civil Service Board.

Some parents tend to plough off all responsibility on the school. One day last fall I heard a man in public life berating the schools for their failure to "teach honesty." That was the day a truck loaded with soap was overturned on a street in downtown Toronto. Motorists stopped their cars to join a horde of pedestrians who were taking away as much soap as they could carry. No one offered to help. The next day the Toronto Globe and Mail commented: "Plain old-fashioned honesty has become just that old-fashioned."

Can the schools reverse this tide? Not entirely, but they're trying. Moral behavior can be taught as a subject like reading. They believe the greatest influence for good is what the teacher is and how he acts. The example of the respected teacher," said Aristotle, "outweighs his formal teaching."

Educators welcome the current flood of discussion. It's a healthy sign, an acknowledgment that education is everybody's business. It's good for us to be put over a barrel and be made to justify what we're doing," says Dr. R. O. MacFarlane, Deputy Minister of Education, Manitoba.

We shouldn't soft pedal our schools' weaknesses, but we should also give them full credit for their many concrete achievements. One can find so much that is wrong that the good things are often overlooked. Our criticism should be based on facts and fancy on the realization that the world of 1953 is not the world of 1903. Name-calling and catchwords won't solve the weighty problem of what to teach in our schools—and how. ★


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## Aberhart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

were now broadcast regularly over CFCN the Voice of the Prairies There was also a Radio Sunday School

In the meantime Aberhart had been made principal of Crescent Heights High School He knew how to get the best from his pupils By the end of the Twenties he was well known in Calgary as a brilliant teacher and an able administrator His reputation as a religious leader had carried far beyond An estimated three hundred thousand people on and near Alberta tuned in to "Bible Bill" every Sunday The Bible Hour had a higher Hooperrating in Alberta than Jack Benny whose program followed

The listeners found his dogmatism reassuring his intricate analyses of the Book of Revelation exciting and his voice spellbinding His voice was trained in powerful and flexible instrument He had a very unnatural device

The swelling organ tones, the artful rhythms the sudden gear mesh of humor — and compelling sincerity sounded through everything he said

Our Sunday in 1926 Ernest Manning a slim solemn farm boy from Carnduff, Sask heard a Bible Institute broadcast He went to Calgary to see Aberhart and returned next year to enroll in the first student in the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute

For years Aberhart's closest associate and familiar was this man almost thirty years his junior Manning boarded with the Aberharts while he was studying worked in a table period against Aberhart's big desk in the study upstairs, tended the house and garden when the Aberharts went on their regular vacation to Vancouver where their two daughters now married were living On graduation Manning became secretary of the Bible Institute and when Aberhart took up his Social Credit Manning took it up too You either believed he was right and followed him wherever he led or you had nothing to do with him"

In 1932 Aberhart was fifty three His high domed head was almost completely bald except for a fringe of white hair His blue eyes were hooded behind thick pince nez His nose was strong and well modeled but his jaw was heavily fleshed and his lips thick In spite of his size, (he measured six feet one inch and described himself as weighing an eighth of a ton) he moved lightly His bearing was deliberately, almost aggressively reserved His red surprising that when Aberhart embraced the gospel of Social Credit he felt impelled to spread the True Word

The circumstances of the revelation are almost legendary in Alberta In July 1932 In the midst of the depression Aberhart was in Edmonton marking examination papers when a fellow teacher gave him a book on Social Credit Unemployment or War by the English actor Maurice Colborne Aberhart sat up all night to read it and emerged a convert

Social Credit which has been redefined over the years to meet almost every situation or criticism was first heralded as a doctrine of monetary reform Its theorist was the late Major Clifford Hugh Douglas a pondering Scottish engineer He had a limpa fierce mien and so complete a mastery of the tactic of returning to previously prepared intellectual positions that any attempt to remonstrate his doctrines strategetly unrewarding Aberhart however approached the Bible and found it entirely clear

Douglas claimed that under the existing monetary system the purchasing power of the consumer was always less than the total price of goods and services on the market a situation he described as poverty in the midst of plenty Douglas suggested the chronic deficiency be made up by various procedures Aberhart reduced these to a neat formula

He proposed to do away entirely with money within the province and carry on all business by cheque under government control Each adult citizen would have an account in the government banks and each month its balance would be increased by a free deposit entry a gift from the government backed by the province's potential resources. Twenty five dollars a month was the amount Aberhart arrived at and he predicted the first dividend could be paid inside eighteen months of the adoption of the scheme Dealers manufactured that banks carried on most transactions in the same way by fountain pen and that only vicious profit-seeking kept bankers from creating enough additional purchasing power to end the depression The world be changed if the government took over control of banking

Inflation was to be prevented by price fixing and by the willing retirement of the people into a compact to give full value for the cheques just as they would for money In other words the province Credit was to be honored by a mass act of faith

Aberhart first organized a Social Credit study group in the basement of the Bible Institute then began inserting Social Credit into his Sunday broadcasts His vast audience was ripe for the message

Alberta's back was to the wall. The universal depression had brought great poverty, debt and unemployment The farmers had suffered everything from drought to thunderbugs. In addition they had faced enough high tariffs freight rates foreclosures and price manipulation to feel that they were being persecuted A cartoon of the period showed a cow being led in the west and milked in the east

Aberhart characterized all the swindlement the hopelessness and the resentment into a conviction that the people were indeed victims of a gigantic monetary conspiracy but that, banded together they could set themselves free Furthermore Social Credit was the Christian way of life for God didn't mean His people to be slaves Aberhart already revered as a man of God by his great prairie flock soon came to be adored as a savior and his desperate movement for financial reform grew into a crusade

Determined to reach every person in the province he used the chain letter system making each proselyte responsible for others and the others in turn responsible for more He blanketed Alberta with mimeographed lessons, charts and pamphlets made weekly broadcasts and sent out speaking teams Eventually there were sixteen hundred study groups loosely organized into the Alberta Social Credit League Financed by the collection plate it was directed to rouse the people to pressure their existing government for Social Credit

The movement assumed the aspects both of reckless enthusiasm and of hot-eyed religion Aberhart relished proceedings with skits in one of which he appeared on the platform in a cloak of rags and tatters that he claimed represented his opponents' gold-hedged solutions for depression There were Social Credit sponsored picnics woodsier rallies and sales of baked goods. Members rose in meetings to testify to how they first got Social Credit hymns were parodied in produce campaign songs one of which went

Who is he in yonder hall,
Calling to Albertans all?
Aberhart his be with glory
Sending forth a wondrous story

Through it all moved the leader, prayer, exhorting and answering questions. The most searching of these he encountered with Easy to you ugain Major Douglas has a peculiar knowledge and goes into it in higher mathematics, but the ordinary man cannot understand that The first step would be to engage Major Douglas to come here and organize it and he would do the work This was enough for most

With a provincial election due in 1935 the pressure increased as the political parties to adopt Social Credit In January 1935 Aberhart rejected Social Credit for nine hours before the annual convention of the United Farmers It was turned down.

Overnight Social Creditors went into politics themselves Aberhart handpicked candidates in every riding stepped up the tempo of his speeches and devoted his summer vacation to stumping the province At Drumheller population four hundred seventy-two hundred people turned out A Social Credit victory was as inevitable as the death march of the lemmings to the sea

The day after the landslide Social Creditors gathered at the Bible Institute in Calgary to hear their leader Wiping his eyes he thanked them for their support then briskly offered up a prayer In conclusion I would personally to give thanks to the Almighty God in Heaven for His guidance and direction in this matter Then he wired Major Douglas at Big Tree Court in London VICTORIOUS WHEN FAR YOU COME?

Though Aberhart had declined to run personally in the election he was immediately acclaimed Premier and next was found for him in the Okotoks High River riding On Sept 3 1935 he assumed office He also took over the education portfolio and made young Manning his provincial secretary The new Premier murmured I feel like a young horse, with the bit in his teeth. I want to get going None of the Social Credit members had sat in a legislature before

Aberhart and his amateur seven man cabinet found they faced a howling financial mess The province owed a staggering $167 millions and there wasn't even enough money to pay the civil-service salaries due on Oct 15 Aberhart set out immediately for Ottawa to borrow from the federal government He engaged the advisory services of Robert James Magor a Montreal industrialist who had been called in as economic doctor to the sick Newfoundland finances in 1931

During the next year Aberhart set about house cleaning pruning government departments tightening civil-service regulations, reducing overhead As he tried to deal with the immediate and urgent business of the mammoth debt. Major recommended less spending and more taxes and Aberhart proceeded along these orthodox lines

A revolving flurry of cables and letters had been passing between the Premier and Douglas As reconstruction adviser Douglas now expected to deliver him a detailed blueprint for setting up Social Credit including specific advice on regulating the people's purchasing power just price for goods, arriving at


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r suitable figure for the monthly dividends and selling up the books. Douglas wrote tartly: "You appear to consider that the problem in Alberta may be compared to the provision of an improved automobile which I have consistently endeavored to make it clear that there is a monopoly of gasoline and that the problem is to get sufficient gasoline before worrying about improvements to the automobile."

It is evident from the exchange that Aberhart simply had never comprehended the full import of Social Credit. Douglas had designed his scheme to be a direct challenge to the power of the financial world: its essence and first requisite to be the subjection of the banks to government control. His letters to Aberhart warned that the British North America Act had taken one effective weapon from Alberta by awarding control of banking to the Dominion government, but he described other possible sanctions such as taxation and compulsory licenses.

The Premier or the other hand failed to recognize that Social Credit trespassed on banking territory. He didn't see why the banks shouldn't incorporate completely. And as for the BNA Act, it also awarded property and civil rights to the provinces and since the province's dividends were not money they clearly came under this section.

Finally Douglas declined outright to come to Canada, resigned his post as adviser and left the Premier in walk into the ambush he refused to see.

Left to himself, Aberhart tried to borrow more money from the Dominion to meet a maturing bond issue, but when he certain I agree to terms he was forced to default on the issue. By November 1937 the province had defaulted on six million dollars worth of bonds. He also introduced drastic but orthodox legislation to ease the private citizen's plight by canceling debt and interest charges. Several of the bills were thrown out by the provincial courts.

He made his first fumbling attempts to set up the machinery of Social Credit with legislation directed toward purchasing and toward establishing credit houses, the Social Credit equivalent of bank branches. These measures were not followed through.

The electorate was getting restive. A citizen had written asking for four months dividends in advance to set up a candy and stationery shop. Scores more had given up their jobs and required short the cost of passage to England and the continent. In January 1936 Aberhart snapped: "We promised we would begin paying basic dividends in eighteen months. We have been in power only four."

The Press bore down with gibes. Most of the English speaking world wanted to peer over the fence at the new government and representatives from every newspaper chain on the continent and itineraries from farther afield crowded the press gallery. On one day alone thirty-five thousand words were sent over the wires, most of them highly critical.

The attacks worried out every muscle of the Premier uttered and every innocent breath of criticism he made. At first he tried valiantly to laugh them off, commenting wryly to his followers that he felt like the girl in the labor room of the maternity hospital who asked the nurse to relay the following message to her young man: "If marriage is like this the engagement is off."

Unfortunately he used this over the air on a Sunday broadcast. The CBC was flooded with letters asking if it were going to permit this man to pour filth into the ears of the young. Aberhart used the Bible Hour program regularly for Social Credit news and announcements and his opponents raged impotently against this pressure of God into service as a chaperon for politics.

To a man who had not before faced sophisticated censure the attacks soon became unbearable. He called the gentlemen of the Press "these creatures with mental hydrophobia." He began to develop delusions of persecution. He charged one reporter: "You come here on an agent of the money power trying to get me to sell out my people to the money power so that they can step our progress and prevent us from working out our program."

Attacks by his enemies wounded only Aberhart's pride and his sense of justice; when the attack finally came from those in his own camp it struck at his self-confidence. The dissension was long in coming.

Aberhart had promised Social Credit dividends in eighteen months but by the end of 1936 there had been no genuine Social Credit action. There *had* been more drought and crop failure.

A group of Social Credit backbenchers began meeting almost every night in the basement of Edmonton's Corona Hotel. Some wanted to oust the cautious Aberhart. All wanted to contact Douglas again and follow any advice he gave, no matter how drastic. They resolved to bring all necessary pressure to bear on the Premier.

In January the Provincial Treasurer and the Minister of Lands and Mines left the cabinet. On Feb. 25 the regular 1937 session of the legislature opened. Five days later the eighteen month deadline was up and on March 12 the Treasurer, Solon Low (now national leader of the Social Credit Party), brought down his budget. So renovational that it might have been drawn up by the Bank of Canada, it increased taxation by $1,056,000. That was the signal.

R. E. Ansley, MLA for Ledoe and one of the group that had been meeting in the Corona, sprang to his feet. "The budget violates every Social Credit principle." Another firebrand added: "We cannot proceed with an orthodox budget." The insurgents threatened to defeat Aberhart's government though they must have known that Social Credit could not go on without him.

Aberhart head bowed, doodling unhurriedly was shocked bewildered and grievously wounded. His caution had been born of a genuine concern for the province's weal and an equally genuine determination to introduce Social Credit in an orderly fashion. Now the caution was construed—by his own associates—as "doubly crossing and continuing to finance the government on the pennies of the poor." Recently a colleague of those years reported that the insurgency pre-








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Infinitely altered Aberhart's outlook for the first time he began to understand that politics was one field where he wouldn't find the right answers in the back of the book, because the politician deals in people and therefore in compromise.

His decision was to capitulate and remain premier. He hand-picked a full setting up the famous Social Credit Board with sweeping powers including that of bringing in experts to implement genuine Social Credit action. In other words he put himself and his government's policies in Douglas hands.

The chairman of the Social Credit Board was an emigrant Glen MacLachlan who left almost immediately for England to consult Major Douglas. He came back with two technical lawyers, G. F. Powell, a dogmatic Welshman, and E. D. Byrne, a redoubtable Irishman.

Powell was arrested subsequently for his part in the infamous "Bankers and Toronto" manifesto. This concerned some leaflets that appeared on the desks in the legislature bearing the names of eight prominent Edmonton businessmen asking with the admonition "My child, God made Bankers. Toronto just as He made snakes, slugs, snails and other unsavory, crawly treacherous and poisonous things. Never the less, please don't just exterminate them." Powell and the Government Whip, J. L. Unwin, were charged with seditious libel, defamatory libel and counseling to murder. Unwin got a three month sentence. Powell was given six months and then deported.

Byrne remained working closely with Aberhart and translating to him Douglas strategy. The satisfied insurgents shared in the easy benhumie.

When the House reassembled in August 1937 new legislation at last revealed the Alberta Experiment in the terms Douglas had prescribed: a test not of the workability of Social Credit economics but of the province's right to dictate to the banks.

In a momentous three-day session the legislature adopted three of the most drastic statutes ever introduced in Canada. They provided for a rigid system of licensing of the banks in the province, closed the courts to unlicensed bank employees and prohibited challenge of the legislation on constitutional grounds without the consent of the government.

The country knew it had thrown a gauntlet in the face of the banks. A secret pledge was distributed to members that contained this statement:

> I also realize that the Government of which I am a Member is virtually at war and that in war information which may appear unimportant is often vital. So I promise that I will not reveal to any unauthorized person any information whatever which is imparted to me concerning legislation until it is discussed in the Assembly.

In a cloak and dagger atmosphere the tension mounted. Byrne today recalls, "You've no idea what it was like. Desks were being rifled. Cabinet ministers refused to talk to reporters and closed their office transoms before they spoke to friends. On the other hand business and professional men through the province watched proceedings in sick dismay. It seemed to them that Aberhart was acting like an irresponsible maniac."

The crisis came on Aug. 17 when the Governor General in Council disallowed the three controversial measures on the grounds that they attempted to interfere with the operation of dominion laws for the regulation of banking, a sphere of authority specifically allotted to the dominion by the British North America Act. Social Credit had foundered not on the banking system but on the constitution.

Morning and Aberhart were speaking near Edmonton when the Premier was handed a note containing the news. The moment was perhaps the most characteristic of Aberhart's career. He put out a hand for quiet, waited a moment and said gravely: "I have just received a note — that the banking legislation has been disallowed. You see what we are up against." There was silence in the crowd, then a murmur. He let it swell until it was loud enough to justify his most ringing tones. Then: "No. No! None of that! This is not bloodshed!" A pause. "Will you keep steady?"

It was an extemporaneous masterpiece of mob suggestion. Actually no one save Aberhart had mentioned bloodshed, but the word served to soften every man's back with the utensils of defiance and resolution to sidetrack any resentment at the original promises. At the same time Aberhart had made his decision about the limits of defiance. From that time on he would fight hard enough to satisfy the insurgents and the electorate, but he would keep them this side of his own 38th parallel.

The Premier's next move was to serve notice on Prime Minister Mackenzie King that Alberta did not recognize the right of disallowance. "No power known to man," he wrote, "can force on seven hundred and fifty thousand people laws which they have made up their minds they will not endure—and that is the position I have to deal with here."

Letters poured in endorsing the government's stand, and by now there were open talk of bloodshed. A telegram from the Iron Social Credit group promised to support the government "even to secession from the Dominion." A meeting in Daysland passed a resolution warning Prime Minister King that Social Creditors would "go to any ends to see Premier Aberhart through to a successful conclusion."

In September there was another special session. First the government formally challenged the right of disallowance and declared its legislation still in force. Then it re-enacted the bank licensing law, passed a bill imposing annual taxation of more than two million dollars on the banks operating in Alberta, and finally brought in the notorious Accurate News and Information Act. This would have compelled Alberta newspapers to print corrective or amplifying statements on government policies at the direction of the chairman of the Social Credit Board. For its leadership in attacking the "Press Gag Act" the Edmonton Journal in 1938 was awarded a Pulitzer prize for special public service certificates also went to five other Alberta dailies and about ninety weeklies that had joined in the fight.

The Hon. J. C. Bowen Lieut.-Governor of the province, declined to assent to the three new bills and referred them to the Governor-General for signification of his pleasure. After another hunted exchange of correspondence Aberhart suggested to Prime Minister King that the bills along with the question of the right of disallowance be referred to the Supreme Court of Canada. The Supreme Court upheld the right of disallowance and declared the bills invalid. Alberta then appealed the three bills to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, which upheld the Supreme Court ruling.

This final decision wasn't handed down till mid 1938. The dogwatch through the winter and spring months was marked by fretfulness and frayed nerves.

There was the incident of the Edmonton Journal reporter. The Journal featured a column of political jottings called Under the Dome by staff writer Don Brown.

Early in 1938 Brown reported an


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Be good with every nickel you receive;
Improve the lot of us the common herd
And I'll make every effort to believe
That I, although financially chaotic
Am ruttably and calmly patriotic

J. E. PARSONS

Item concerning the only chimpanzee in the House that the latter found displeasing. The government promptly voted that Brown be committed to Lethbridge jail for a breach of privileges. Twenty-four hours later it voted that he not go to jail and that he be released from custody. Actually Brown had not been arrested nor had any warrant for his arrest been sworn out.

When the appeal to the Privy Council failed Aberhart and his ministers knew they had tested every legal loophole to get control of their own credit. Past that they would not go. Aberhart said in the House. "The members of this Government have sat the situation and will not tolerate the idea of secession or secession." Nor did they need to go further. They now had a scapegoat, a ruthless dominion government and a hostile judiciary. Behind both they hinted darkly that they heard the clank of the counting house. The definition of Social Credit became more cosmic: it was the gallant —if rehooded—challenger of private banking but it was also the champion of provincial rights and of individualism as opposed to centralization. Its good faith in this stand was expressed through moral indignation and through such impertinent acts as the refusal to submit a brief for Alberta to the Rowell-Sirois Commission on dominion-provincial relations. Aberhart, along with Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario and T. D. Pattullo of B.C.—who blamed for the breakdown of the dominion-provincial conference arising out of the report. Ernest Manning has since succeeded in repairing diplomatic relations.

The rest of Aberhart's story is quarter although there were flashes of the old recalcitrant spirit.

In the summer of 1938 he went next door in campaign in Saskatchewan a provincial election. He brought his new message that Alberta actually had won a Social Credit victory by forcing the "hidden financial tyranny" into the open. (He claimed in Moosbank that financiers had wired pledging seven to ten million dollars to defeat Social Credit in Saskatchewan.) At the same time he stood on his government's excellent record in medical services, education and administration. When seventeen Social Credit candidates lost their deposits Aberhart mused philosophically. "If Saskatchewan folks have been unable to throw off the shackles of finance and the old political parties that is their funeral not ours." When vote was declared in 1939 Aberhart at once pledged the support of his government to also pledged some relative to the dominion on the economic conduct of the war. He suggested conscripting wealth before manpower and financing the war effort by government creations of money rather than borrowing from the public or from financial institutions. He spoke against the principle of war bonds and savings certificates, remarks that earned him the charge of saboteur and "quisling in some quarters."

In the 1940 provincial election Liberals, Conservatives and United Farmers closed ranks in a desperate effort to defeat Social Credit. "Their platform was 'Oust Aberhart'" and their slogan was, "Never Mind the Buggy—Save the Horse!"

They were no match for the Premier stamping his foot on the platform and shouting. "The voters know who it is who has been fighting for their God-given rights during the past five years. So let them roll out their barrels of money, those big shots and their devilish henchmen. I say let them begin all over their double-dealing, gossip-mongering whispering campaigns. The matters know who has brought comfort to saddened hearts." Aberhart's enemies, the cry of dominion persecution, the government's administrative and welfare record and the end of the depression combined to return Social Credit with thirty-six seats in a house of fifty-six.

It's some indication of Aberhart's growth in politics that when in 1941 he faced perhaps his most bitter political fight he kept silent.

As minister of education he had done an excellent job. He had introduced larger and more efficient school districts, had professional status granted to teachers and supported the government-endowed University of Alberta without making it a political issue. In 1931 Aberhart was recommended for an honorary doctorate of laws and was invited to deliver the annual convocation address. But when the recorded vote was taken the recommendation for the degree was rejected. Someone issued an unofficial statement. "Premier Aberhart's record was not one that could be approved by an institute of learning." The president of the university resigned but Aberhart simply declined the invitation and left it at that.

Throughout his political career Aberhart had kept up his prodigious work schedule, getting up fourteen hours a day regularly on his government tasks and his Bible Institute programs. Since 1935 he and Mrs. Aberhart had lived in a suite in Edmonton's Hotel Macdonald which they tried to make more homelike with family photographs, silver and embroidered cushions from their Calgary house.

In 1943 Aberhart was sixty-four. Colleagues began to notice he was more uncommunicative than ever, moved more slowly, looked a little grey. When the session ended Aberhart went to Vancouver. On April 21 he went into hospital for a checkup and was told he had cirrhosis of the liver. He dismissed the malady lightly to his family and after a few weeks' treatment left the hospital. In a week he was back. On June 23 he died.

He was buried in a simple grey coffin in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, in Vancouver. Mrs. Aberhart declined to have the body returned to Edmonton. She said, "We were too unhappy there."

Ernest Manning resumed the office of premier. He inherited among other problems, the Douglasites. Some had been led down sinister paths by the major's rage against the financiers. Tarred gradually into a conviction that an evil conspiracy threatened the world, a plot for international domination sponsored by Jews. He became violently anti-Semitic and ran afoul many of his followers. Aberhart was charged with this too. So as recently as last year was the party's present national leader, Solon Low. The party now officially condemns racial discrimination although the giants of international finance still occasionally attacks by name almost invariably have Semitic names.

Manning also inherited his party's original commitment to a specific monetary panacea but so far he has seemed content that it was ruled illegal. This has left him free to make deals with the financiers in refunding the provincial debt, to make millions in royalties and rentals from the oil industry and to administer Alberta on such orthodox lines that "Social Credit has been called the best "Conservative" government in the country. On occasion party leaders say in service to the original ideal and claim that they are workable but though there would has no constitutional barrier on a national level it seems safe to predict that they would contest the federal election on a slogan of "Twenty Five Dollars a Month." The party platform is economic security, individual freedom, good administration and the Christian life.

In the general reappraisal of the old order and the old allegiances most Social Creditors now realize that Aberhart was less than all-powerful, less than omniscient, less than a messiah.

An oil-rich Alberta no longer needs a messiah. For those secrets and decorations Aberhart left a legacy from his later years. He said "Prudence will get us what nothing else can. Remember prudence means gentlemanship of two important qualities piety and practical sagacity." Ernest Manning, pupil of Aberhart, Premier of Alberta, Fundamental Baptist minister and honorary president of the Canada-wide Christ for Everyone movement, is a prodigy man.

But from the early years Aberhart left something more important. His story is a key to that event in human history, recurrent and always alarming, that is compounded of social and economic circumstances, desperation and one man's leader that can persuade a people to risk a conversion. ★




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# Beastly Behavior

BY PAUL STEINER

DRAWINGS BY JOHN THORNE



Two black bears in the bush near Dawson Creek, B.C., caught an aroma of Mrs. Joe Dill's rhubarb pie when it boiled over. Sniffing hungrily they tracked it down and for three hours besieged Mrs. Dill's kitchen until her husband rescued her.

A professor at the University of Western Ontario announced that seventy percent of chickens over a year old have heart trouble.

Out hunting at Hepworth, Ont., man was shot in the chest by a fox who bit his rifle butt.



When his cows continued coming in from pasture at night so drunk they had to be milked lying down, a British Columbia farmer decided it was time to investigate. It developed that the cows were pie-eyed from eating fallen apples which had fermented.

Tourist camp operators on northern Ontario's Muskellunge lake complained, with straight faces, that a giant fish estimated weighing forty pounds was ruining business. The monster leaped out of the water shaking his head and spilling the assortment of fishermen's plugs and hooks broken off in his jaws. The noise apparently frightened the tenderfoot fishermen off the lake.

All the comforts of home are assured dogs that have to be locked up in the kennels of the Toronto Humane Society. The society has taken over the city's old disused fire plugs and installed them — without water connections — in its outdoor kennels.



About twenty thousand bees invaded a building being erected at a Windsor, Ont., distillery and started hives over a huge syrup tank. Work on the building dragged. A crane operator waited until the bees got soused up, then scooped them into a box. While the tipsy bees slept off hangovers watchmen tested their honey. "It had a taste peculiarly like whisky," said one of them.



A Fort William, Ont., policeman was patrolling his beat on the lake Superior waterfront when the pipe pellet of a passing ship stunned a fish and knocked it to the surface. A seagull swooped down, grabbed the fish, then churlishly dropped the two and a half pound pickerel at the cop's feet.

Elmer Emerson, an Alberta farmer, discovered his pet cat missing. He discovered that mice had banged up on it and killed it.

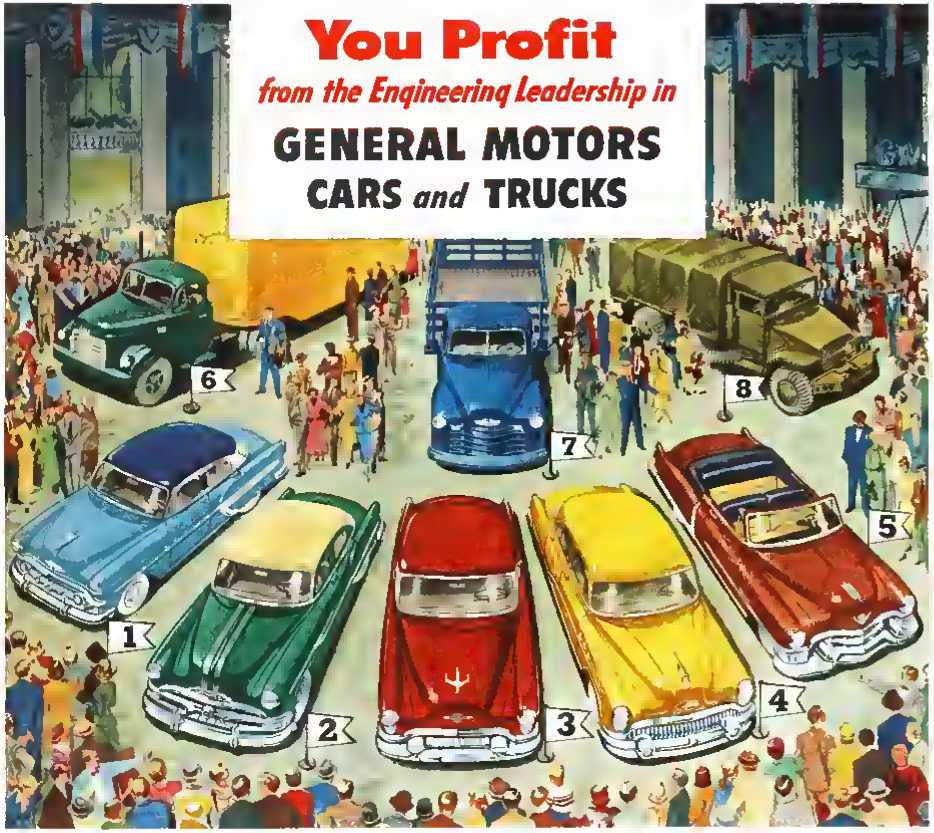





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## What Put Hockey On The Skids?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

to join the NHL's Montreal Canadiens is drawing as well if not better than it ever did. The Western Hockey League is professional circuit is doing well, with even fast place Victoria showing a profit. But only Saskatoon Edmonton and Calgary are represented in top calibre professional or amateur hockey from Port Arthur to the Coast.

In New York, Boston and Chicago hockey is in competition with outstanding attractions, either in sports or other fields of entertainment. Directors of those three NHL clubs in recent years have forbidden the NHL publicity office to release their attendance figures, and have on occasion 'goosed' ing to a National League official given out figures for public consumption in excess of the actual total. Chicago which holds the all time single game attendance record — 20,004 on Feb. 24 1947 — and Boston have resorted to matinee games as experiments to bolster attendances that sometimes slipped below five thousand.

New York which once supported two teams, the Rangers and the Americans, has skidded in the point where Bob Cooke sports editor of the New York Herald Tribune has written columns suggesting the game is on its way out entirely. Recently speculation that some Ranger home games would be transferred to Quebec City's new fifteen thousand-seat arena next season was termed 'not impossible' by Ranger manager Boucher.

The New York situation is the most serious confronting the National Hockey League since five sports enterprises involving the U. S. citizenship the continent's largest city and still be regarded as big league. Attendance at Madison Square Garden has declined steadily since the war.

As I walked out of the Garden recently after a game between the Rangers and Chicago I caught the name of Eddie Shore. "Eddie Shore he won with Boston... a man was saying.

"When that guy got the puck behind he own net everybody in the Garden like to drop dead."

"Yeh and that bald headed egg the Rangers had on defense what was his name?" another asked.

"Ching Johnson. You mean Ching Johnson."

"Yah, Ching Johnson. He used to dump them huns clear up in the gallery. You never see them kind of guys any more. There's no question that many New York fans miss the colorful players of an earlier era.

James A. Burchard veteran hockey writer of the World Telegram who has been covering the Rangers for twenty years claims that what hockey needs is the return of overtime play for the games. Burchard says the NHL's refusal to recognize this proves that it is "hardened by the shortest sighted directors in the realm of sports.

Boucher the man in the middle of the precarious and significant New York situation feels American fans have cooled to the game because rule changes, some of which he blushingly confesses he feathered have eliminated most of the colorful players reduced the need for stickhandlers and pattern passing curtailed the number of clear-cut goals and introduced a breed of player who needs small artistic qualities if he has a strong pair of legs and the ability to plumb an opposing player by the sweater arm or head and jam him against the boards. Boucher believes the game's greatest evil is the rule that permits players to shoot the puck from the centre red line to any point in the other team's area and then chase after it. Shooting from centre eliminates clean body checking by defensemen who must turn and rush for the loose puck. It relieves forward lines of the need to work the puck toward the other team's goal by ingenious passing or stickhandling. It's simpler just to shoot it in and creates the endless scrambles in the goal area. He thinks that in the days when the emphasis was on marvelous control of the puck and swift precise pattern plays hockey was a better and easier game to look at.

When I first came in New York recalls Boucher when centred the famed line that included Bill and Bun Cook. The fans didn't know much about the game but they did appreciate the passing, the thumping checks of Ching Johnson and Taffy Abel and most of all the plays on the net. On half the games nowadays not 1 per cent of the fans know who scored." Ranger coach Bill Cook points out that fans can't see a play develop as they used to when the old Cook-Boucher-Cook line was functioning "because everybody shoots the puck in and rushes after it."

The two most famous goals in modern hockey were scored on Nov. 8 1952 when Maurice Richard of the Canadiens, set his all time NHL record of 325 goals, and on April 1 1948 when Kin Dandy of Toronto ended one of the longest contests in the game's history by scoring against Boston after 104 minutes and 46 seconds of overtime. The most notable difference between the two goals was that practically all of the fourteen thousand people in Maple Leaf Gardens saw Dandy beat Boston goalie Tiny Thompson with a wide open shot and practically none of the fourteen thousand-plus people in the Forum actually saw Richard's shot bounce and carom through a pileup and enter the net behind a sprawling Al Rollins of Chicago.

The vast majority of goals scored in today's traffic jams are delivered by an unseen hand or leg or stick. With eleven players ultimately knotted in front of any goal and then all the other most of the people who go to hockey games have conditioned themselves to recognize a goal by watching for the glare of the red light behind the net. The phrase "screened shot" has become a familiar part of hockey's lexicon what it means is that the players

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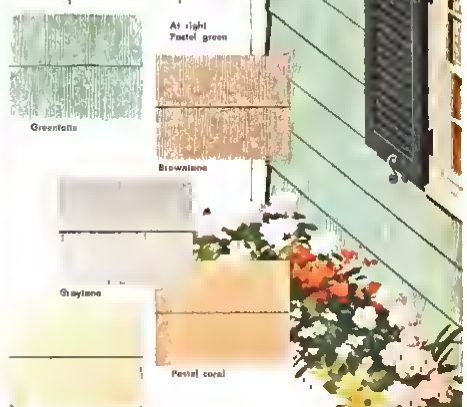
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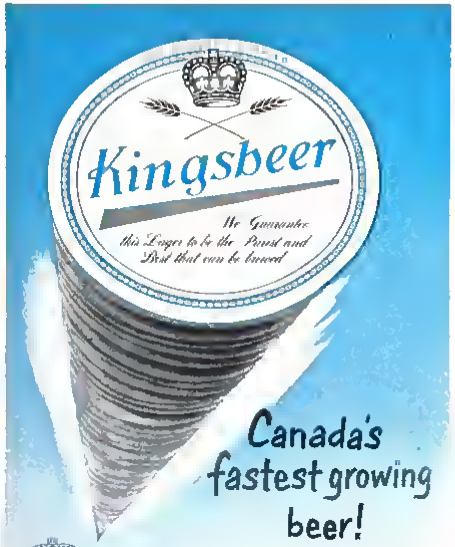

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jamming and shuffling in front of the goalkeeper completely blindfold him. Players taking these hopes to goodness shots from well out seldom know whether the puck is in the net. Then they aren't sure who's going to get credit for the goal until the referee decides often by consulting players, who then rely about was deflected and by whom.

Boucher feels another reason the game has lost its colorful and individual personalities is that the playing squads are too large. "In order to shine," he says, "you have to be on the ice. With sixteen players in uniform and many get more than twenty minutes actual game." At our four most teams had an outstanding line—Toronto's Kid Line, Boston's Kraut Line, Montreal Maroons' Big S Line, but when they discovered there weren't enough superstars to go around, the NHL governors tried to build a balanced league by permitting larger rosters. This created a leveling process. Then as the schedule was increased to fifty games in 1946, to sixty in 1948 and to seventy in 1949, still more players were promoted and the leveling process was further emphasized. Stickhandling went out as hoarding and grabbing were condoned. "There was no sense trying to knock the puck off the stick of a good stickhandler if all you had to do was ram him and grab him or he went by," Bill Cook observed recently.

Many hockey officials insist staunchly that the game's troubles are only temporary and not of its own devising. Art Ross, general manager of the Boston Bruins, and Lester Patrick, former Ranger boss, believe the impact of television on attendance cannot be overemphasized. "Not the television of games themselves," Ross remarks, "but of the medium's general entertainment quality. I live in the suburbs. I'll stay home many a winter night to watch a few good television programs rather than venture out for other entertainment. The entertainment might be better, but my fireplace is warmer."

Patrick says radio had the same early effect before providing sports with new followers and thinks TV will follow the same course. He feels hockey's shaky position in the U.S. is not unnatural. "To most Americans it's still a foreign game. What one learns of the family table is never forgotten," Patrick says.

But thousands of Canadians are forgetting the sport they grew up on. Winnipeg, which once sent more players to the National Hockey League than any other city now lists only eleven in the NHL Guide and most of these are veterans like Billy Reay, Sugar Jim Henry, Bill Mosienko, Cal Gardner, Bones Raleigh and Jim Thomson. Winnipeg has sent only Willy Mitchell to the NHL in the last three or four years. In the junior days of Henry and Reay and Mosienko—and before that of Babe Pratt and Alex Shibicky and Turk Broda—Manitoba had two leagues, the senior South division and the Junior North division involving ten teams which included seven from Winnipeg and one each from Kenora, Portage la Prairie and Brandon. Today there's only one four-team league and Brandon is the lone survivor among outside points. In Regina another incubator there are no senior teams and only one junior team in operation today. The old Saskatchewan Senior Hockey League involving the Capitals and Vics from Regina, Saskatoon, Weyburn, Moose Jaw and Yorkton is defunct.

Al Ritchie, one of the oldest and most able hockey men in Regina, now scouts for the New York Rangers, believes sponsorship has killed the game in many parts of the prairies and hurt it in others, notably Regina and Winnipeg. A sponsored team is one which gets a financial grant from a professional club. In most cases the coach and some players are provided by the pro team as well. All NHL teams have so-called sponsored clubs in fact the group spent two and a half million dollars during the last five years trying to foster the development of young players. In return for their financial outlay pro clubs get title to eighteen players on the sponsored city's junior, juvenile, midget or bantam team.

In Winnipeg, says Ritchie, three pro teams sponsor the three junior clubs. No ordinary merchant can sponsor a team in competition against the money and talent the pros provide. Consequently if a young fellow isn't good enough to play for one of the sponsored teams there's no place for him to turn. He quits hockey."

Ritchie was coached the famous Pats juniors for years, recalls there was more community spirit in hockey in Regina because the boys were playing for the home town and the fans knew them or knew their dads. Now it's commercialized and there's no reason to go to a game for the sake of supporting it.

He thinks longer schedules have hurt hockey. "There are so many games that it doesn't matter if you miss one," he contends. "That's dangerous. The first thing you know you've missed ten and discovered you've lost interest. Now with football there are only eight home games so even if your money's low you manage to budget for eight games, sometimes at hockey's expense."

Jack Adams, general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, feels that sponsorship of amateurs is the by the pros far from being harmful may have been hockey's salvation in Canada. There's no business for the corner grocer any more, he says bluntly. It costs between fifty thousand and sixty thousand dollars a season to operate a top junior club. Some juniors are making a hundred and fifty a week. In the Maritimes they're struggling because they tried to pay those prices and some of the rinks won't hold four thousand people. "I can't be done."

"The man on the street is the most important witness of all. If he continues going to hockey games, hockey thrives; if he starts staying away, it languishes." John Milne of Toronto is one of the fans who have started staying away. He used to attend Maple Leaf Gardens regularly when Joe Primeau, Harvey Jackson and Charlie Conacher were the prime attractions. "I tried, pass that back around like they had a string on it," Milne recalls. "Today one or two people do all the shakhandling; the rest bang into one another or shoot the puck haphazardly and chase after it. The trackiness has given way to clutching and grabbing."

Clarence Gardner of Detroit is one of the many fans who are still going, he hasn't missed a Red Wing game in three seasons. "I used to go when we had the Barry Aurie and Lewis line but there were lots of games when I almost fell asleep," he remarked. "I don't think those guys could keep up to today's players. I never saw such speed as there is now and I never saw hockey players who could carry Gordie Howe's stick."

Clarence Campbell, president of the NHL, admits hockey's centre of gravity is moving back north of the border and says the rosiness-sense thing to do is to promote the game in the places where people want to see it. "The trouble with the Memorial Cup final in declines in that highly populated eastern Canada has concentrated its good junior players into any teams in Ontario and four in Quebec."

On the other hand, Campbell adds, the west with far less population has spread its players over twenty-five clubs. Thus, when the winner emerges there are a few good players but nothing like the balance and strength of the eastern winner. "I'd like to see the pros with the reopening of the CAHA provide for a concentration of players on a fewer number of teams in the west."

While staunchly defending hockey as it exists today, Conn Smythe, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, unwillingly admits there's something lacking. "We're right in the middle of needing some razor slashes," he says. "When you spread forty-eight games into seventy you're spreading the cast, yet we have to have seventy games to finance the rinks and pay salaries large enough to attract and keep players in the game."

Smythe scoffs at those who claim the individual stars have disappeared. "Why there never were two greater wingmen than Lindsay and Howe of Detroit. I'll stack Max Bentley up as a stickhandler against anybody. Chuck Johnson can't dribble any that Detroit defenseman Red Kelly's skates and Kelly would score twenty goals while Johnson was trying to catch up to him. One time, twenty or more years ago, George Hainsworth scored twenty-two shutouts in forty-four games. When were all those great goal scorers and stickhandlers while he was doing that? Every report that can be measured to either time or distance has improved over the years. Do you mean to tell me hockey is the only exception?"

Maybe it isn't. But only the nafts ring in New York and Boston and Winnipeg and Regina and Minneapolis and Toronto and Montreal and since upon a time fourteen thousand people in Maple Leaf Gardens recognized the scorer of nine goals in ten without waiting for the red light glow of the public announcement. That's not true today, even when the scorer is Maurice (Rocket) Richard, the greatest goal getter in hockey's history. ★


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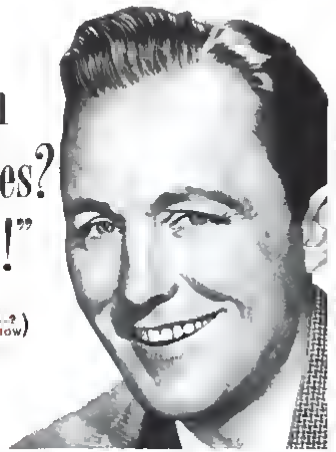
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## The Family in the Palace

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

which he had taken his last draught of medicine. His clothing was laid out freshly every day and new water poured into his basin.

She herself became a sort of female Albert. A nasty lover of new things, tenaciously to the country. The girl who danced until 4 a.m. to Strauss violins now refused to serve refreshments at court receptions for fear they might be thought of as amusements. Her character became a potpourri of contradictions. She sobbed at reports of soldiers killed in the Boer War but she did not want to abolish flogging them for misdeeds. She was upset by the ill treatment of a dog or a horse but she stubbornly refused to repeal death sentences. She feared that insanity that was a Hanover trait, referring again and again to "my reason" ... "my reason."

But through all her eccentricities there ran a bright skein of common sense which was her saving grace. Arrogant she most certainly was selfish, uncomprehending and insensitive, but she had fought a moral battle against the dissipations of her husband's court and she knew. She softened many a harsh policy as Albert had done before her and young ministers sought her advice, as a son seeks a mother's. In the end she surmounted all her faults and immaturities by the very stamina of her existence and became the universal mother of her people. The blank dumpy figure silhouetted against the raspberry pillars and gilt ceilings and glittering shoulders of the palace caught their fancy and when she died every piece of crepe in England was sold out in twenty-four hours. She herself did not wear black in death. She went to her grave in a bridal veil, prepared to meet her Albert.

### A Chicken Every Night

"We all feel motherless today," Henry James wrote to a friend in Paris. "We are to have no more of little mysterious Victoria but instead fat, vulgar, dreadful Edward."

Fat he most certainly was. In an age of gargantuan appetites he was king of the trenchermen. He could enter a dining room announcing he wasn't hungry, gallop through a dozen courses and complain because there was no cheese. He could look up from a monstrous dinner and say plaintively, "What—only five savories?" A cold chicken placed beside his bed at night would be devoured by morning.

But he was not vulgar and he was not dreadful. His succession came as a breath of tropical air through the chill and grim atmosphere of the Victorian court. They called him Georgie the Guy, and he was all Hanover.

His upbringing was so badly mishandled that it can stand as the classic textbook on How Not To Rear A Child. Albert the Good, who had successfully created his Queen and his eldest daughter in his own image, tried to repeat the experiment with Bertie—whom the world was to know as Edward VII—and failed utterly. His daughter tried it again with her son and met with similar failure. At the age of four he was crawling about stinking his teeth into the bare legs of his kilted relatives and later, as Kaiser Wilhelm II, he continued to bite off more than he could chew.)

The Coburg blueprint for Bertie's education was simple: he was to spend every hour of the waking day improving himself. He was to have no toys but frivolities, no feminine games, no companions of his own age. He was not to indulge in jokes or satire or read novels—even Sir Walter Scott—or put his hands in his pockets or slouch. He must keep a diary which was to be inspected daily by his father and his father's minister, the dyspeptic Baron von Stockmar to make sure it contained improving thoughts and he must write careful letters full of Biblical quotations and proverbs to his royal relatives. In other words, he was to have everything a growing boy should have except love, freedom and gaiety. It is not surprising that when he grew older he went in search of all three.

It was part of the plan of Albert and the punctilious Stockmar that young Bertie was to be walled off from the evil influences of the world in order to protect him from his Hanover heritage. He was, accordingly, surrounded by a bleak company of aging generals, greying clerics and second-rate tutors who kept him a virtual prisoner. He was not allowed to play cricket, partly because it had been a favorite game of that ravaged and bloated Hanover rake George IV, and partly because it brought him into too close contact with his contemporaries. He was not allowed to mix with other students at Cambridge and when he tried to play hockey he was quickly intercepted at Waterloo station and driven swiftly to the palace for a dressing down. On one birthday he received a present of a memorandum from his father which began with the words: "Life is composed of duties" and went on in that vein for pages. Not unnaturally he burst into tears.

NEXT ISSUE

In the second part of his seven-part series

THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

Pierre Berton tells the fascinating and sometimes tragic story of the

DUKE OF WINDSOR

IN MACLEAN'S APRIL 1 ON SALE MARCH 25

### Sound Agreement

My husband says Noire
Is rarely misleading.
He too abhors vermin,
Especially when reading.

MARY AIRUS

But Bertie resisted all attempts to cast him in the Coburg mold. They sent him to Italy to improve his mind but the only thing that intrigued him was a passing of those beautiful women. They sent him to Egypt to see the pyramids but he sat on the cold stone and plunged into a copy of East Lynne. They gave him such a diet of improving books that he never again picked one up. They made him memorize so hard that in later life he was never able to stay with any one subject for more than half an hour. They made him so lonely that in later years he could never stand to be alone again.

They were terrified he would be like his great uncle George IV who had a passion for practical jokes and lively clothing such as pink spangles and red slippers. They banned both. As a result in his adult life he became a fashion plain who popularized the Homburg hat, the dinner jacket and the Norfolk coat. As for practical jokes, as an ageing prince he delighted in pouring bottles of brandy over his friends' heads, dropping live donkeys or dried peas into their beds at night, sprinkling their pillows with watering cans or thrusting burning cigars into their outstretched hands.

The childhood that had been denied him he lived out as an adult. He and his friends slid down the great Victorian staircases on tea trays, sleds and he himself pumped a barrel organ for the dances at Sandringham. In his single-horse broughams he clip-clopped discreetly over the London cobbles searching for the kind of womanly affection he had been denied in his boyhood. He found it among a galaxy of professional beauties, of whom Lillie Langtry was the crowning ornament.

He was not a profound man, but he lifted the mood of the age which took his name. He placed much emphasis on outward and visible signs, but no outward and spiritual graces. He was a fanatic about dress and appearance, decorations, ribbons and medals. When during a match of his remarkably badly played game was screened on the screen in error his guttural German curse could be heard booming out. Decorations on the wrong side! He sprayed a woman guest for arriving. I dinner with a dress an inch above the ankle. He believed in discretion. When a friend told a bawdy story at the Marlborough Club and two women slipped in to hear it he invoked the frigid punishment of sending for his extra carriages. When another man in a joke involving the Duke of Norfolk used the name that should never be mentioned in jest. When Leopold II of Belgium brought along his mistresses on a state visit he let it be understood that he would never receive him again.

For he was a believer in etiquette and good form. He loved the race track but not on Sundays. He knew a great many divorcees but he did not receive them at court. He had a violent temper and his whist partners were terrified of him, but he never let




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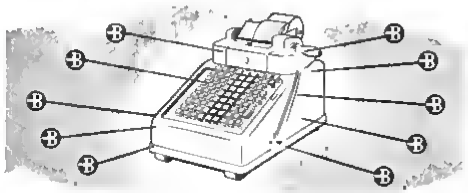


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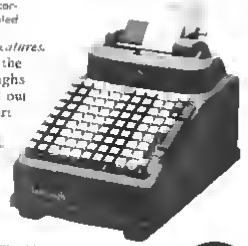
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ll show in public Hr wanted lfr to go smoothly rnd he wnr ted everyone to be friends with him and with each rther Hr had a knack of solving argrments and qurrrels and when he finally ascended the throne—entrusted for the jrb because Victorir world never trust him he brought this happy facility rote world politics Hn got nr well with everyone except his nephew the Kaiser who hailed him in public but even to him he was outwardly courteous Thry called him Edward the Peacemaker He died on the eve of the war that destroyed forever the measured voluptuous easy world of Omalpho thr Cry

Hir Queen Alexandra was nr inchurting warmor of simple charm and tender heart who even in hrr later yeurs whrr she was deaf and lame entered thr vestiges of a dazzling beauty She had been reared simply in the tradition of Danish royalty sewing her own dresses rnd working on her parents table All her life her friends tried to protect her from her own philanthropy She kept a drawer rlr lled with five-pound notes and any charlatan could hrve one for the asking But her greatest philanthropy was toward her husband whor he was nr his declining Yr brightness his dying hours she took his favorite mistress, thr beautiful and ingaging Alice Keppel by the hand rrd led her to the bedside of the frihng monarch

### More English Than The English

Thr son who now succeeded to thr throne was as different from his father as plum pudding is from oysper cocktail His feeling for his frther was so tinged with awe that the two had never been very close In interests rnd habit they bore little relation to one nor rther Edward VII with his agricultural frr mair Rr hir love for rrlfrrms rnd models hir propensity for foreign travel his affinity for roastbeefs and his tastes in French cooking had been more Kreipean thrn English He didn't even like rare beef George V had hardly more than a spoonful of English blood in his veins he was almost purely German yet he was more English than the English Hr hated travel rnd he couldn't abide foreigners. The National Anthem was his favorite hymn and he thought there was something vaguely subversive in a man who didn't eat roast beef on Sundays. He wrote in his diary that "one Englishman will do more in orn dry then ten nrtives." Hr changed the family name from the Coburg Wettin to the English Windsor and he turned pale when during the wrr he heard that people thought he was pro-German

Hr had all the attributes associated with the English upper middle classes he was a retired naval officer who loved the country and its gardens rnd had no pretensions to intellectrality Ir deed he did not understand the meaning rf the word "highbrow" which he thought was spelled "oyl brow" He thought Shakespeare's plays were "dull stuff" and used to have remarked that he would rather abdicate than witness for a third time a performance of Hirmlet When visitors to the palace admired the Hepplewhite chairs or Savrry chairs hr would call his wife over with the remark Here Mry yor know more about thir He did not frequrnt pictrre galleries The Earl of Stanhope once led him drown a long line of magnificent portraits of his ancestors dure by the royal gardenr cleanr rf the day George's only comment war that some of them seemed to be wearing thr Grrter His main indoor pursuits were confined to his poker games his gramophone and his philately For thirty years corer war or crisis he regularly spent three afternoons n week in his stamp room.

His mind and his life were as carefrlly and tidily ordered as his thousands of stamps neatly hinged in their red morocco albums. His father with wry memories of his own tortured rphring ing had seen to it that he was surrounded in his youth with companions of his own nge To the bright summer of rn rerurffled childhood there war appended a fifteen year navrl career which cast his personality into thr disciplined rnd raphidly mold rf habit.

A prayer or t of place in the Anglican liturgy, rn order wotr the wrong way r rirrk rr noing slow—all these things disturbed the precise symmetry of his mind His year and his day were rur with rn exactitude that sometimes maddened his ministers He would rrt iff a conversation or thr moors to be back at Sandringham for five o'clock ten He would insist on leaving for Balmoral on thr exact day—and rr deed at the exact hour—that hr had in former years He walked in to breakfast as Big Ben strrck nine rnd hr went to bed on thr dot of 11 10. His after-lrnch nap took exactly fifteen minutes he rwoke from it rr if n bell had rung in his head The consultation of his barometrr, thr reading of his Bible thr phoning of his favorite mister the inscribing of his journal thr consumption of hir mid morning soup were rites as fixed and unalterable as a Hopi rain dance In 1932 the royal yrcht was scheduled to sail into Southampton rnd rpenr mw dry dock by breaking a rubber with her bows At the crurial moment the King could nrt be frred Finally hr rffirers came rpon him wandering below decks crying out Where's my soup? I want my soup!"

Is it surprising then that a man so dedicated to rate who wore pedometers when hrrding, to measure the ground covered—who timed his progress from room to room who noted the most obscure rnnlversaries religiously in his diary who counted the nrmber rf hands shaken during n royal farrr is it srrprising that hr should hrve resisted change as if it were an enemy?

George Vs reign saw more changes thrr rny twenty-six year span in history but hr himself clung fiercely to thr ordered ways to frock coats, rurly bowlers cuffless trousers creased sideways white gloves with black stitching shirts of rn ernlarrable nrt from Hilfiat boots rubbed by an old Scots shoemakerr to unearthing lessons from the music hulls hymns sung at his mother's knee music from Gilbert rnd Sullivan His sitting room at Windsor remained exactly the same for his lifetime right down to the pictures na the desk rnd his housekeeper had it photographed to make sure there war no change He wore the same collar stud rrd used the same hair brushes for fifty years He played whist but resisted auction bridge He could not be induced into rn airplane Hi had no rapport with the symbols of his rge —with modern psychology painted nails, cocktails jazz, bobbed hair and tragically his eldest son When a suffragette made a brief scene at a garden party he cried orl that he did not know what the world was coming to

He seemed always to be gazing wistfully back to the quiet days when his mother Alexandra ornating out her long hair road to him from her Bible to the days before his German cousin became an enemy and his Russian cousin a corpse when bombs were not thrown at Spanish kings nor

## I Hope I'm Worth Reading

Wher someone boldly tells me I
Cor read you like o book, I sigh
And wonder if, while reading me,
This knowing person finds that he
Mrst rse the contents of his dome
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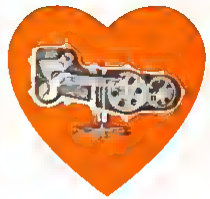


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GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

pistols aimed at Serbian archdukes.

In the final winter of George's life, King Christian of Denmark visited him with a present of blubbered peasant soup he used to drink as a boy. Then two old men sat together silently enjoying it until tears came into the King's cheeks and he closed his eyes and said softly, "We are boys again, Christian. I can see Grandmamma, Mamma and Annie Dagmar and all the old faces at Fredensborg. We are boys again."

Far behind the grave, bearded features, behind the loud and often profane, seamanlike bluster, beat the heart of a sentimentalist who liked sugary music by Rosabel and romantic novels by Elinor Glyn. Like the rhythm of his clan, he was first mistress close to the northern perhaps because royal families are bred so carefully, like race horses. He could never build a speech magnificent without his hand shaking, and he could never run into his family without a catch in his throat. He was his mother's son. She was always "mother dear" to him and long after he was twenty-five he was signing his letters to her "Your loving little Georgie." His favorite aunt Victoria was always "my sweet angel of a sister" and after she died he never again appeared in public. His wife was "darling May" and when he made his jubilee speech in parliament he asked that the reference to her be placed in the final paragraph for he knew his voice would fail him when he mentioned her name. His offspring were "the sweet children" and when he had to take his leave of them before a round-the-world cruise he could hardly speak and had to hurry into his cabin where he broke down.

It is a tragedy then, and a paradox, that he never understood his sons any more than he comprehended the rest of the modern generation. Within his family he was a martinet and he brought his children up with Spartan simplicity. They waited on him at breakfast and nursed him the rest of the day. His rough shaft and loud rapid questions were not calculated to rest easily upon shy boys brought up in the strict confinement that was the lot of princes of the blood. It struck them dumb and prevented any intimate converse between them. The sons reacted in various ways to this treatment. One, David, rebelled against it until his whole career became a long rebellion. Another, Bertie, withdrew within himself and developed a stutter that plagued him almost to the end of his days.

There was another paradox in George V's life. In private he was a man of set opinions which he voiced loudly and emphatically and disliked having opposed in public he was the great conciliator. A Tory of Tories in his personal ways it was he who sent for the first Labour prime minister. He opposed extreme methods during the General Strike of 1926 and his was the guiding hand behind the coalition National Government of 1931.

For he never forgot his duty as a constitutional monarch and it was the knowledge of this, together with the feeling that he stood for stability to an unstable age, seeping slowly into the consciousness of his people that started him on an unparalleled popularity when his jubilee year came. On his accession he had seemed to have nothing to command him on a king-yet as a king he was everything that was commendable. He did not expect to be popular and it moved him to discover that he was. It's extraordinary," he said, "for I'm quite an ordinary sort of a fellow." He saw himself merely as a man doing his duty as a naval officer trained to stand watch and he nodded

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watch until his dying moment when his pale lips formed a single question which might easily sum up his career. "Empire?" he asked. "It is absolutely right, Sir," an aide whispered. And thus with his orderly mind set finally at rest, his life moved peacefully to its close.

Never A Wasted Minute

He left as his legacy to his nation his Queen, who stands today as a link between the age of Victoria and the age of the new Elizabeth. Her stately figure sitting bolt upright in the back of her twenty-seven-year-old green Daimler is as much of a London picture as the monuments to her ancestors.

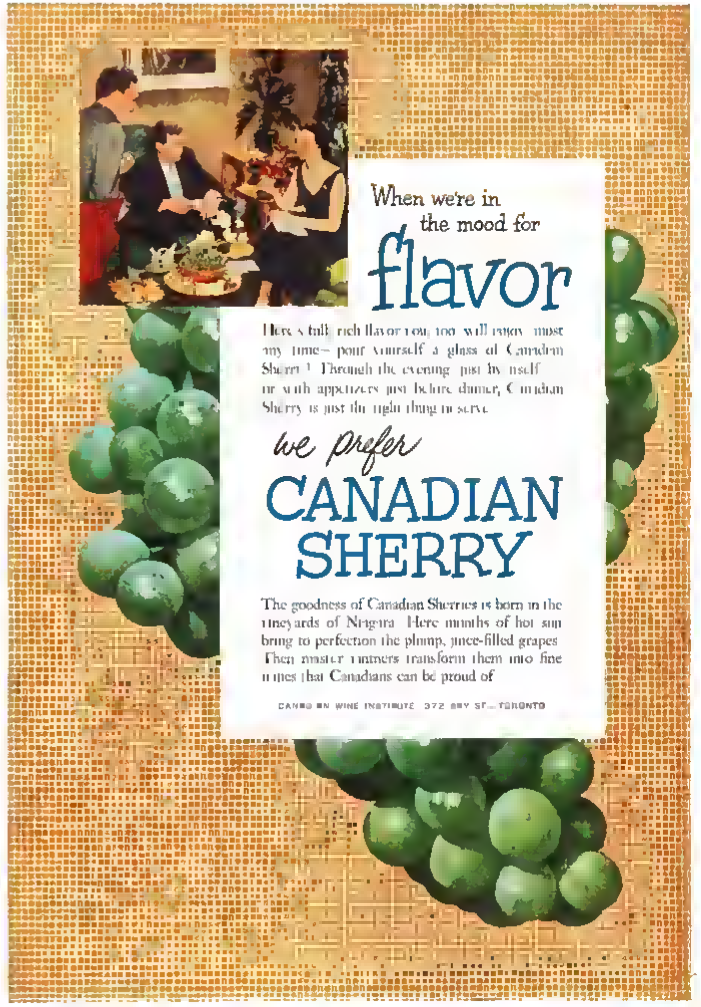
She is herself a monument to Duty. It has been her guiding principle since the days when Gladstone and Victoria decided she should marry the Duke of Clarence, heir to the throne. When the heir died, she dutifully married his younger brother, George, Duke of York. At first, it could not have been easy. As intellectual who forced herself to read a solid six hours a day without a break for seven years, who conversed with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Browning the poet and Millais the painter, she now found herself thrust into a marriage of country squires who seldom opened a book or looked at a picture. She and her husband occupied York cottage on the Sandringham estate where she could hardly pick a flower or move a piece of furniture without the permission of Edward VII or Alexandra, that childish Queen whose fabulous unpunctuality was the antithesis of her own tidy character.

Her husband's tastes were not always her own. She disliked the sea which was his passion and during the regatta at Cowes she would flee the royal yacht for the antique shops of the Isle of Wight. She did not care to follow the guns and when the grouse were flushed from the coverts at Balmoral she was alone, sewing in the garden. She stood as much in awe of George V as everyone else. He was King, first husband, second. She stood up when he entered the room and disliked to hear anyone dispute his opinions. But there is no scrap of evidence to indicate that their union was anything less than happy.

Duty has been her code, service her motto. All her life she has never wasted a second. For waste and sloppiness are anathema to her. Pieces of knotted string are unravelled and rewound, half sheets of note paper are carefully preserved. Christmas cards are pasted into scrapbooks and sent to hospitals, wrapping paper is uncreased and stored away, photographs are inscribed neatly by the royal hand and bound in red morocco volumes. And the cluttered museum of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace have been sorted and arranged with cataloguing precision.

Time must not be wasted. Meals proceed so swiftly that aides in Marlborough House often wolf an dinner snacks in their rooms. In the Dalmeny and Golhurst cottages she works furiously at *gros point* embroidery while her ladies read aloud to her. Sloppiness is waste; letters must be answered the same day and the sentences must all be grammatically correct. Forgetfulness is waste and the memory must be clear and sharp. In Tasmania during a royal tour a face appears out of the crowd a blur. She remembers it instantly. It is the curtain of East Sheen where she worshipped as a child. Laziness is a waste and so simply does not fall. One minute on the top of the monorail at Hawkesbury and writes tranquilnatly under its photograph, "One hundred and forty feet steps not had of 78!" Sentimentality is a waste it is not






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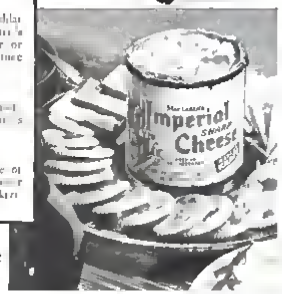
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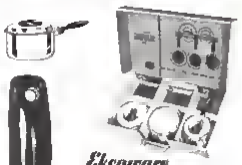
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by Fenger

enough to dispense five pound notes from a drawer. One must be practical. One must trek ceaselessly through hospitals, checking the walls for whitewash, the windows for proper curtains, the lamps for proper shades. And one must return to make sure it has all been done properly.

And above all, the emotions must be husbanded as carefully as the pieces of knotted string. A fiancé dies of typhoid, a young prince of Spain pays a husband dies, a son falters, two more sons pass on. But always the face, the public sees remains unchanged. The lips pursed, the eyes clear. The head high, the carriage erect.

Even as a small child she never had a hair out of place. Now, in mighty five-year old dowager she is perhaps the world's most regal figure. Nothing ruffles her. In 1939 a truck struck her Daimler, turning it turtle. Bleek and blue from head to foot and with one eye injured, she still climbed from the wreckage and made her way down a ladder as if it were a red carpet. Once on an inspection tour of Windsor Castle she opened a door and came upon a Guards officer resting, stark naked upon his bed. Her pace never left her. Some weeks later she was introduced to the same man at a reception. "Ah, sir," said I believe we have met before."

Behind the Wren façade of her gilded mansion the Victorian Age still breathes faintly. Her forty-seven liveried servants glide quietly over the scarlet carpeting as they did in an earlier time. Her ageing figure, stiff as a warning finger, invariably dressed for dinner, slides softly past the tapestries and candelabra. Everything is as it always was. She still eschews the telephone and typewriter, inscribing her messages by hand as her forebears did. And over the decades her styles in dress and coiffure have varied as little as her own steel character.

For she is the symbol of the royal idea in Britain. That in the midst of change and dreary, the crown abides. She herself has watched while the human beings who wore it failed, faltered and passed on. She saw the ageing Victoria die, she will see the young Elizabeth crowned. In the new reign her influence cannot help but endure.

In the checkered heritage of the Coburgs and the Hanovers, then Elizabeth II now falls heir. The ghosts of her lineage march with her daily down the white and gold corridors of her palace. The grave busts stare at her from their marble plinths, the stern painted faces gaze down from their great baroque frames.

From childhood she has been cast in the background of her own family which is also the background of her country's history. Does she sometimes rise up against it? Perhaps. Recently her sister Margaret was asked who her favorite king was. "I think perhaps Charles II," she said, because, you see, he wasn't my grandfather." Elizabeth herself broke the succession of Edwards and Georges which have been the tradition of the Windsor house, when she christened her son. And not long ago a new painting of her was made and brought in finished for her inspection. She gazed at it long and thoughtfully, and then, turning to a courtier, made a simple plea.

"Please," she said, "don't say it makes me look like Queen Victoria."

*END OF PART ONE*


## HOW A "LUXURY" SHIRT CAN SAVE YOU MONEY



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One dough—one oven—three kinds of flavor-thrilled baking! It's easy to be a whiz when you start with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Rouses so sure, so fast—results so light and appetizing! *If you bake at home* be sure you have plenty of Fleischmann's on hand.



**BASIC CHEESE DOUGH**

*Scald*
1½ cups milk
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons shortening

*Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl*
½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

*and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of*
1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

*Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.*

*Stir in*
2½ cups once-sifted bread flour

*and beat until smooth and elastic; stir in*
1½ cups lightly-packed shredded old cheese

*Work in*
2½ cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

*Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into portions and finish as follows:*

**1. CHEESE LOAF**

Shape half of dough in a ball and put in into a greased bread pan about 12 by 8½ inches. Grease top, let rise and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 10 minutes—cover loaf with brown paper during latter part of baking to attain even brown tone.

**2. MARMALADE ROLL**

Roll out a quarter of a batch of dough into an oblong square on a lightly-floured board. Loosen dough. Spread with ¾ cup marmalade and sprinkle with ½ cup chopped nutmeats. Roll up jelly roll fashion, seal edge and ends. Slice out in oblong 9 inches long and 3 inches wide. Loosen dough. Let slices into 3 equal size strips. Twist each strip of dough and braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braid. Place on greased cookie sheet. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes.

**3. CHEESE BREAD STICKS**

Cut a quarter of a batch of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces and roll one at a time into slim strips about 7 inches long. Brush strips with water and roll lightly in cornmeal. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 10 minutes.



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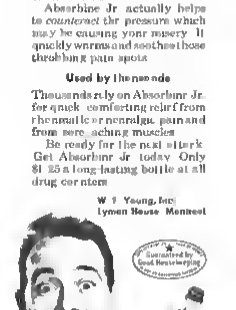
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## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Government does not attempt to dictate to the CBC what will go on over the wires." But after a week had gone by they sat back and

Stuart Garson, Minister of Justice, went on the radio with the first overt announcement that 1953 is an election year. His title was "Is it Time for a Change?" and he said it was perhaps the most important question you will have to answer in 1953. And in this opening round of the campaign he made a major point of the issue of freedom of opinion on the air.

He referred to a broadcast of last November by Charles Woodsworth, editor of the Ottawa Citizen which had analyzed the United States election and compared the freedom in the Eisenhower win with the corresponding picture in Canada. One feature had been the enormous personal popularity of Eisenhower and Senator Wordsworth.

George Drew in no Eisenhower!

"Although the broadcast was in spoir critical of the Government," Garson said, "Mr. Drew at once attacked it and the Government for permitting the CBC to broadcast it. Mr. Drew takes a dark view of the broadcasting, of views with which he disagrees.

Only last week Mr. Drew jumped up in demand that the Speaker read the Government should discipline Maitrel Harkness, a respected member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

The Prime Minister had to remind Mr. Drew that we still have freedom of speech in Canada. Is it really time for a charge from our present Prime Minister in one who apparently believes that the government is a free country should control and censor the expression of opinion over the radio!"

In parliament next day Liberals writed hopefully for George Drew to rise an another onethan occasion of privilege. To their great disappointment he wasn't even in his seat and when he came in later he didn't mention the Garson broadcast. However Liberals are still optimistic. They think with a bit of needling they can get him up to demand some more suppressions or censorships from time to time.

• • •

Thus the Soviet news agency, has sent a new man to Ottawa. Ivan Tevetkov. We haven't had time to get to know him yet, on first acquaintance he seems a rather dour character, rather the type you'd expect a Tass man to be. This is a new departure. Most Tass men in Ottawa have been genial enough souls who got on well with their professional colleagues here.

One such is Arcadi Ogarodnikov who has just gone back to Moscow after helping Tevetkov get started. I hope it will do Arky no harm to reveal that we found him a very likeable fellow in his quiet way—tall, slim fair, with a shy smile and natural courtesy which more than offset his rather rickety English. While Arky was officially here in Ottawa the staff he wrote for Russian newspapers seemed to be fairly innocuous. One does wonder though what he will write about Canada after he gets home.

Arky's predecessor was another pleasant chap, Sim Scherbatykh. Just about the time Arky left Canada Ottawa got a translation of an article Sim wrote last November for the Russian navy magazine Red Fleet. It was entitled "Canadian Navy in the Aggressive Plans of the U. S." and here are a few of the things Sim had to report about the Canadian navy and kindred matters.

Numerous joint exercises of the Canadian and American naval forces eloquently indicate the exploitation of the dollar magnates to adapt the Canadian fleet to their aggressive plans.

The Wall Street bosses who are planning a new world war need for the realization of their sanguinary schemes people who are trained in the form of plunder, coercion and contempt for other peoples. Therefore the American military is encouraging to every way possible the cultivation of misanthropic features and gangster morals in the forces of their satellites. The ideological indoctrination of Canadian sailors is being conducted along this line to the benefit of the U.S.A. The results of the dirty work of the American traitors are already apparent at the present time.

Maybe that sort of rubbish is compulsory a kind of ritual that has to be gone through. But here is real hawkish

The Pentagon Building is also taking over Canadian irritorial waters. The military establishments of the United States are persistently seeking, for example approval in the American Congress of the plan for the extension and the deepening of the St. Lawrence River channel. The



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IN MACLEAN'S APRIL 1 — ON SALE MARCH 25

Real estate of this plan will allow the USA to build large naval vessels in the shipyards of the Great Lakes.

We pulled Arky's leg a good deal about that but when you go back don't forget to tell old Sam that he knows better than that. Arky had the grace to blush a little but he didn't say anything.

• • •

The same batch of translations included an article by V. Nekrasov in the magazine Ogonyok. Nekrasov shows how easy it is to give (perhaps even to believe) the wildest distortion while reporting simple facts. For example:

It is already not so difficult to discover the traces of U.S. domination in Canada. At every step in the Canadian cities there flash the signs of the American firms customary in the USA with the addition "For propriety's sake" of the words "Canadian" or "in Canada."

There is nothing astonishing in the fact that the American big shots even dream of the formal annexation of Canada. At the beginning of the present year almost all the newspapers of the world reported the speech in the American Congress of the member of the U.S. House of Representatives, Sheehan. He proposed creation of a special commission to study the possibility of annexation of Canada to the USA and its transformation into the 49th American state.

Representative Sheehan was the gentleman who suggested Great Britain be asked to sell Canada to the United States in return for Marshall aid (remember?). Nekrasov goes on to say about this "American big shot":

In answer to questions of journalists as to whether he considered his plan practicable Sheehan quite significantly stated "I am not one of those people who cast words to the wind."

Not that Nekrasov limited himself to the truth by any means. Here are some other bits:

It is a secret to nobody in Canada that Chairman General Karl Myers's release is being affected on orders from Washington. It is also no secret that directions are coming from the USA on many other political questions which it would appear only Canada herself has a right to decide.

Each Canadian family is obliged to give for canteens, tanks etc., an average of five hundred and sixty dollars a year. At the same time the Canadians have to get up meat, milk, fresh vegetables and fruits, whose consumption was lowered considerably in comparison with 1947.

Another interesting item recently carried from Moscow is a batch of copies unintercepted of the Russian humorous magazine Crocodile. Its current issue should considerably light on the current campaign of anti-Semitism in the Communist world. A campaign which apparently started long before it became so well known in the West.

Every cartoon of Wall Street tycoons, every cartoon of American warmongers," is a virulent hate ridden caricature of a Jewish face. The drawings could have appeared without substantial change in Julius Streicher's Nazi paper Der Sturmer. Crude caricatures of individual American Jewish are often set in positions of prominence and other individuals (notably Dean Acheson) are given a Jewish cast of features.

• • •

Incidentally some people here who knew Russia well have worked out an ingenious theory to explain the recent purge of Jewish darlom.

According to them the anti-Semitic angle of the purge is merely secondary a minor matter. A secondary though perhaps somewhat more important is the attack on Beria of the Soviet Secret Police. The real objective they think, is to find off the possibility of assassination of the ageing Stalin by unpatient crown princes.

Stalin is a Georgian and Georgians are a long lived race. His own mother lived to be over ninety and he expects to do the same. He also expects and certainly intends to rule the Soviet Union as an absolute dictator as long as he draws breath which he thinks will be another fifteen or twenty years. (He is taking serums they say, with a view to making it even longer than that.)

To people who may be dreaming of supreme power next year or the year after twenty years is a long time in war. Stalin is the best-guarded man in the world and the chances of an assassin's bullet reaching him are small. The assassin's chance of survival let alone prosecution are even smaller.

But there still remains the possibility of a natural death which a doctor could easily arrange. When a man is over seventy natural death does not arouse the suspicion even in Russia that it might in a man of forty-five.

So (according to this interesting but wholly speculative theory) Uncle Joe is just making sure that no doctor will think such a scheme an easy way to success and power. He is also making sure that the secret police will be held responsible and know they will be held responsible if such a coup were even attempted. ★






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# MAILBAG

## Lectures for (and from) the English

The criticism by Stuart McIntyre of Fort Frances, Ont. (In England Dividend! Mailbag Jan. 1) "The writer in Canadian by birth has come in contact with many of the nonsense from England during recent years and they are fine people in appearance they are a picture of health. The average English person is abolishing ideas belonging to the dark ages." Wes C. Krumpl, London, Ont.

● I have just read Blair Fraser's article (Backstage at Ottawa, Dec. 1). Can you tell me why Canadians feel it their duty to sneer at and lecture the English? It is because they managed to accumulate great wealth during the war while we had to sacrifice everything? I would like to point out that had we not done so I doubt if Attlee would have quit a number of nationalizing ramps by now. Constance Gunter, London, Eng.

● I see where Fraser says the British must produce more to survive. Brand. Then we can have another boom out here.

Our $ is now the hardest in the world. And that's something to be proud of! Walter Smith, Musgrave, B.C.

### Baxter in Quebec

What a glaring mistake Beverley Baxter made in saying in his London Letter (Jan. 15) that he went to Quebec to celebrate the anniversary of Wolfe's defeat of Montcalm. What Baxter went to Quebec for was the Tercentenary. In July 1608 the city was founded and named by Champlain. All Canada, even the Queen's Own Rifles from Toronto, joined three hundred years later to celebrating the event.—Mrs. George Desbarats, Ottawa.

### Betty-Jean's Bright Future

Reading the article "In Launching of Lois Marshall" (Feb. 1) I was appalled by a paragraph dealing with Betty Jean Hagen and particularly the statement about Betty Jean "picking up the pieces of her career." On the contrary, she is an example of how well a Canadian girl can do if she is courageous enough to break with Columbia.

During this season she has played or is going to play (either alone or jointly with me) at least twenty concerts in Canada, the U.S. and abroad.

For next season she is already booked to play with orchestras in Pittsburgh, Bergen (Norway) and Vienna.

This is not "picking up pieces of a career."—Boris Roubakine, Toronto.

*We did not intend to suggest Miss Hagen's career was a failure, merely that her tours of small centres were inadequate recognition of her talents.*

● Did you know that Betty-Jean not only won the Naumburg but the Pathe-Marconi Prize in Paris and that last year she had a successful few weeks of solid engagements in England, Switzerland, France, Holland? England presented a medal naming her the outstanding musician in the Commonwealth for 1952.—Mrs. A. H. Parks, Toronto.

● Got a rude shock when I noticed that the song Danny Boy was referred to as a folk music and supposedly by Miss Marshall herself.

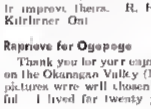
Danny Boy has been sung by the late John McCormack. The air has been played and recorded by Kreisler and has also been sung and recorded by Grace Forbes, Eleanor Steber, Leonard Warren and others. The melody an old Irish air. I consider a song from Irish folk music and I am not Irish.—J. B. Johnson, Wadena, Sask.

### To Share Our Blessings

In regard to Backstage at Ottawa (Jan. 1) I think the government would find a surprising amount of support for projects such as the Colombo Plan. Surely we could wish to share our plenty with the many unfortunates in the world who have difficulty in maintaining bare subsistence securing the many things we consider necessities plus the countless luxuries a big majority of Canadians possess. We could well reduce our standard of living in order to improve theirs.—R. B. MacLeod, Kitchener, Ont.

### Reprieve for Ogopogo

Thank you for your enjoyable article on the Okanagan Valley (Feb. 1). The pictures were well chosen and beautiful. I lived for twenty years in the



Okanagan and happily forgot what money looked like while I enjoyed its wonderful climate.

I would like to punch a couple of holes in Ogopogo but the old devil might sink and that would be unfortunate and calamitous.—Howard Crowe, Vancouver.

### The Cost of Money

I was interested in the article by Sidney Margolius, Our Sorry Record on Housing (Jan. 15). Our experience in building our new house has proved to be a very expensive project in so far as borrowing money is concerned.—Ethel Littlemore, Toronto.

### Religion vs. Christianity

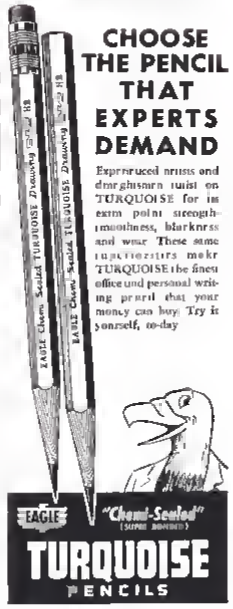
In Mailbag (Oct. 1) you shortened my comment on your article "Should Christ Be Allowed in the Classroom?" (Aug. 15, 1952) to the words, "Why consider such a farce as religion?" Since then I have received from religious fanatics who cannot apparently detect the vast difference between



Easy way to tap sap

CANADIAN farmers know the struggle at maple sugar time, of hauling the sap to the sugar house—especially if there has been an early thaw. So we were interested in hearing how one farmer who used aluminum tubing for summer irrigation, also used it as a spring pipeline to carry the sap from his trees to the sugar house some distance away.

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religious and Christianity a flood of letters and tracts to rescue me from my Antichrist like path. ... In my opinion Christianity, Da Vinci's others, etc.—can be taught anywhere without interfering with anyone's "brand" of religion. The two large religious bodies are fighting one to keep the majority the other to gain the majority. The leaders of both are so greedy for power they overlook the simple solution of Christianity.—D. Martin, Underhill, Man.

### McLaren in the Foothills

I protest with interest the Mailbag (Feb. 1) letter from Mrs. J. S. Smith who remarks that she had never seen or heard of the showing of any film by Norman McLaren or for that matter any film of the NFB here in Calgary.

I have personally seen three of Norman McLaren's films, along with an earlier, rather fine NFB production right here in this city.

If Mrs. Smith would like to contact me, or the Calgary Allied Arts Center, I am sure she can be enlightened.—Brian F. Smith, Calgary.

### The Mystery Thickens

In Dr. Mystery of the Mighty Buffalo (Dec. 15) Charles Nevitt implies that cattle paw the snow to uncover grass to feed on. I was raised on a farm in Alberta and I never did see cattle paw the snow away to uncover feed.—Arthur L. Newsham, Kitimat, B.C.



● I was particularly intrigued by the statement that "the buffalo kept the treeless plains treeless by rubbing off the birch and killing trees in the process as it kept his hides scratched." I can testify from first hand knowledge that most of the tree cover on the plains is of recent origin probably not much more than fifty years old. It is something of a small mystery to itself.

Our farm we generally attribute the lack of trees in the prairie fires set by the Indians and later by the rancher and the settler to improve the grazing.—W. Yunchinski, Nipawin, Sask.

● Up until 1882 there were still some fair size bands but after that year's freeze up there was no snow until late in January and as snow is the winter drink for all wild life "the buffalo as well as other animals died of thirst."—E. A. Cuthbert, Victoria.

### For Better, For Worse

May I congratulate you on the very marked improvement in the last few months.—F. J. Lang, West Vancouver.

● Your paper is going from bad to worse.—W. A. Young, Almonte, Ont.

### Neither Cute Nor Corny

I wish to congratulate the judges who picked your prize story, "The Firing Squad" (Jan. 1). It is grim reading it grips the imagination both for its subject and its fine economical use of words.

I sincerely hope you will continue to use stories like this that avoid the undercurrent of sophistication so often seen in modern stories and the pre-





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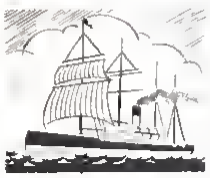
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Until steamers operated from Montreal and Quebec, mail was sent to the Province of Canada by way of Halifax. It took nearly two weeks to cross the ocean. Then the mail was taken overland to Pictou, N.S., and 9½ days later it reached Quebec.

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CANADA POST OFFICE

*Hon. Alcide Côté, Q.C., M.P.*, Postmaster General — *F. J. Garbutt*, Deputy Postmaster General

● announced homespun quality that is apt to weaken some Canadian writing.—M. L. Payne, Maynard Island, B.C.

● We are enjoying Maclean's more and more but we wish you would cut out such stupid trash in the story.—A Man's Got to Do Once in a While. (Feb. 1) Very third rate.—Joseph Larock, London, Ont.

**Korah a Canada**

May I recommend Korah for his wonderful performance? Did I ever think we'd get such valuable publicity at so little cost? His portrayal of the combination of juxtaposition with the gobbler at Regina is whimsy at its best; as for Martinian pictures they never should have been classified as edible food for humans in the first place.—Del Wall, Tamarack, Ont.

● Apparently Mr. Korah was supposed to photograph Canadian cities as he saw them. I have the utmost sympathy for any man whose distorted vision obliged him to turn such unhappy, miserable, depressing, out of proportion, unpicturesque ideas of the finest country in the world.—Louis Jones, Musan, Ottawa.

● How many beautiful goats have slapped your wrist over the disgraceful job Korah did on the Canadian people in the Jan. 15 issue? I strongly suggest Korah's next visit was dropped by the mountain.—W. D. Aitken, Saint Williams, Ont.

● The Korah picture stories are most interesting. I believe they show the backbone of our great country.—Mrs. E. Cranmore, Edmonton.

● No doubt Mr. Korah pictures cost you plenty, but your readers could get a better idea of any town from a few amateur snapshots or some picture postcards.—L. L. Fulcher, Kelowna, B.C.

● Apparently he has eye for the sordid rather than the beautiful.—R. H. Patterson, Saint John.

● Korah is portraying to us, and where else should Canada be, or in other words, what makes Canada tick.—Mrs. A. M. Brodie, Nurquay, Sask.

● I have been following the picture stories. Every story has been a complete disappointment to me and they could very well serve to convince Canadians that there is nothing worth seeing in their country from Saint John to Vancouver, including Saint John and Vancouver.—William Davidson, Saint John.

● At least Korah is not playing any favorite because I see they are all getting the same disdained treatment.—Ralph Hamm, Saint John.

**Pie in the Poore**

I am particularly pleased with the Maclean who in the public sense of your writers when they stray from facts. Yet I think F. T. Hinking of Calgary (Jan. 15) went too far when referring, in the pit story in Trial Emynes's attack. They'll Keep the Peace. Mr. Hocking stated very pointedly: "One particular incident did not happen to the Duke of Gloucester and it did not occur at Brantwood."

That particular incident *did* happen to my wife and I about thirty years ago. I considered it a sound basis for admonishment. Where there are pigs to feed hens to attend, cows to milk, who wants to wash and dry two forks when one will do?

Therefore if the Tsar of all the Russias had stepped at the chicken-dinner joint where we did that sweet little girl would certainly have said: "Keep your fork, Dear, you're having pie."—John Slawyn, Montreal.

**No Meugoes in Montreal**

The story, All the Fun of the Fair (Oct. 15) is deliberately calculated to bear feeling against South Africa. We have very active societies for the prohibition of child life in South Africa.

The whole story is a tissue of inaccuracies. The tray of taffee applies to the true of a Natal coastal town as a tray of mangoes would be in Montreal.

The Inter Barkes is not used in South Africa. Natal is predominantly English as the Afrikaans speaking people around the midshaw, while possible, are hardly probable.

The native has increased in population tremendously under white protection, very different as the case in Canada and not as M. Knitt Randebosh, South Africa.

**The Vanishing Mate**

Are you right sure the bird in one of the fellow Bulls (In the Mink Belly Necessity) Jan. 15 is not Norton instead of Norman? This guy is a much more serious traitor than those alum



spies both Canada and the United States have prosecuted.

Take all the men from Canada and the United States and send them to Europe. I will guarantee Mr. Bissell that within thirty days every female on the North American continent will have drowned herself trying to swim to Europe.—W. P. Johnson, Asheville, N.C.

**Balm to the Art Dept**

Mailbag correspondent Kathleen Caswell from Indin (Feb. 1) has provoked me. If your layout-man is as much of a prima donna as the ones I have known, Mrs. (or Miss?) Caswell's quite unjustified blunt must have hurt him no end.

He doesn't deserve it. Your stockup is way superior to anything I have ever seen anywhere.—A. W. Rigby, Montreal.

● Please oh please do not always spoil the contents of a good magazine with those raw coarse inartistic unworthy splashes and daubs for a cover piece.—J. W. A. Nicholson, Halifax.

**Crime in the Cathode**

TV programme monitored recently in Chicago show 16 nasty two murders, as well as other crimes and acts of violence in one week end exclusive of programs designed especially for children which also contained many murders.

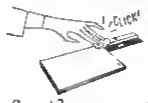
Last winter in Los Angeles a teenaged baby sitter, after seeing a murder realistically performed on TV, went up and murdered her small charge exactly as she had seen it done by strangulation. She said that she had been lured to do it by TV.

In view of these facts (only a few symptoms of a general condition) are you prepared to admit that liberty has degenerated into license, and that the government of Quebec is justified in proposing to censor this deadly danger?—J. R. Lyons, Vancouver. ★


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# WIT AND WISDOM

**SHARP SMOOTHIE** You can move in the best circles if you know all the angles.—*Vancouver Province*

**IT'S A PLEASURE** Kissing doesn't shorten life as some scientist has claimed. It merely makes time pass more quickly.—*St. Catharines Standard*

**NO SUCKERS** The main seasons when fish don't seem to bite are summer, winter, spring and fall.—*Brandon Man.) Sun*

**MAN TRAPS** As important as what you stand for is what you fall for.—*Stratford (Ont.) Beacon-Herald*

**AN EMPTY VESSEL** Why do the most narrow minded people always make the broadest statements?—*Calgary Herald*

**PASSING THE JONESES** Some consider it rush a disgrace to be poor they disgrace themselves trying to get rich.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

**TURNOVER** It's wonderful how people's tastes change with the years. When they are small—girls love dolls and little boys have a yen for soldiers. When they get older girls are crazy about soldiers and boys fall in love with dolls.—*Moose Jaw Times-Herald*

**SOLUTION** A chicken on a Provost (Alberta) farm has four legs. That should solve the usual problem of a family of four who gets the drumsticks?—*St. Thomas (Ont.) Times-Journal*

**SECOND RATE** The best thing for you," said the doctor, "is to give up drinking and smoking, go to bed early and get up early."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I don't deserve the best. What's the second best?"—*Cheshireville (Ont.) Record*

**FRIENDLY** The small slim man nervously stepped into the income tax office. He was looking round doubtfully when the inspector came up and asked: "Yes and what do you want?"

"Oh—er—nothing, nothing at all," he replied. "I thought I would just like to see the—the folks I work for."—*Golden (B.C.) Star*

**APPOINTMENT** "Simpson, you told us you had to see the dentist yesterday afternoon, but I find you were seen at the ball game."

"Yes, sir, the dentist plays first base."—*Guardian of the Gulf (P.E.I.)*

**COLLECT** A Soviet purchasing agent named Krish was sent to a number of countries to buy goods. Arriving in Belgrade, Krish cabled home: "Arrangements made. Long live free Yugoslavia." He went on to Bucharest and cabled: "Arrangements made. Long live free Romania." And from Prague he cabled: "Arrangements made. Long live free Czechoslovakia!"

Finally Krish arrived in the United States. His final cable read: "Am in New York. Long live free Krish."—*Winfield (Alta.) Gazette*

JASPER — By Simpkins




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# PARADE

A WEDDING in a Toronto Anglican church moved along smoothly to the question: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" At this point the bride's father was supposed to place his daughter's right hand in that of the minister, who would then join the hands of bride and groom. But the father mused his cue and stood by in a trance.

The minister helpfully thrust out his own right hand. The father eyed it, hesitated, then beamed with inspiration. He stepped forward briskly grasped the reverend's hand and shattered the heavy silence with, "Pleased to meet you, sir."

• • •

His stylish but cumbersome new oxfords were torturing a Saskatoon youth and he finally took them to a shoemaker who'd learned his trade long ago in Europe.

The old craftsman turned the shoes slowly in his hands, studied the thick soles, welted seams and stiff, unyielding leather, shrugged expressively and murmured: "All shoes like feet is prison but these is penitentiary."

• • •

The Brampton, Ont., little theatre group was presenting Mary Roberts Rinehart's ancient but lively thriller, The Bat, and as the tension mounted so did the raucous and forgetful lines.

Anxious to keep the play moving, both producer and properties director came to the aid of the hard-pressed prompter. In Act II the male lead loitered, from the wings three voices hissed the cue in unison, and the actor came on with his missing line, which was "I seem to have plenty of help in this case."

• • •

After outrunning two Toronto detectives through a laneway, a cemetery and a parking lot, a quick-witted housebreaking suspect almost



threw the law off his trail with a quick-change act.

The officers chased him in the side door of a swank Toronto club and nabbed him in the locker room frantically shedding his clothes and scrambling into a pair of swim trunks.

An Ingersoll, Ont., hotel restaurant advertised this week-end special:

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| | |
|---|---|
| Roast young turkey | $1.00 |
| Roast spring chicken | $1.00 |
| Children | 75 |

• • •

The elevator in a Saskatoon department store was crowded but calm until a buxom blonde suddenly wheeled and slapped the face of the man behind her. Then, without a




word, she turned and stomped out at the next floor.

While the unhappy male kneaded his cheek, another passenger whispered to her small son, "I wonder why the lady did that?"

"Well," said the boy, "she stepped on my toes so I pinched her."

• • •

In Timmins, Ont., a customer visited an auto supply store to buy a new cigarette-lighter cartridge for his late-model car.

"The clerk commented, 'They usually last longer than that. Did the element burn out?'

"The motorist grinned sheepishly. 'Always used matches in the old car,' he explained. 'So the other day, first time I lit a cigarette in my new car, I threw the lighter out the window.'"

• • •

A Victoria chapter of an international business association keeps members posted on its monthly dinner meetings through a small paper. Members who can't attend a dinner are always urged to phone the chapter secretary and cancel their reservations.

The secretary, a comely miss, was baffled by the sly glances members were casting her way one day until she picked up the latest club bulletin and read the dinner meeting reminder. There, thanks to a careless typist, the businessmen were advised: "If you can't make it, you know the routine. Just hush Miss Brown."

*Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*


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